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"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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Visions of an Artist – The Dawn – Painted for This Page by Henry Clive

How Petey the Starling Fell From His Nest Into the Hearts of the Veterans

PETEY, at one time a wild starling, is now the "Prince of Good Cheer" to disabled World War Veterans in the Government Hospital at Bath, New York.

Heroes of Chateau-Thierry and Belleau Wood, a number of whom will never be their normal selves again, have sworn allegiance to "Petey," who fell from the nest when but a few days old to be reared by the loving hands of Louis Drubik, a veteran.

Every one in the Veterans Administration Facility at Bath, from Colonel John A. Hadley, Commanding Officer, and Nurse Marybel Jobe, down to the gardeners and janitors, knows and loves Petey.

The taming of this field bird by the veterans has been considered a phenomenon, as starlings have always been known to be wild, and remain so, regardless of most human efforts to make them pets.

Drubik, who has been a patient at the hospital for several years, says the starling was first fed with an eye-dropper, but that it was not long until Petey was breakfasting on morsels of hard-boiled egg and water-soaked bread, fed by hand.

Petey's general color is a mixture of dark brown and green—tinted with purple hues, this giving him a metallic lustre. His shoulders are brown, his wing coverts edged with buff. Petey's breast-feathers are white, spotted, elongated and pointed—his beak is yellow.

Every evening when twilight shines in on the hospital, beautifully situated in a valley—through the grounds of which runs a stream, Petey flies back to perch on the porch banister and await Drubik, who puts him to bed.

Petey sleeps in a box with wire sides and top, on a bed of excelsior. This box, the sliding door of which is closed at night, is in the basement of the hospital. It would never do to let an unfriendly cat have access to Petey.

After breakfast Petey usually flies to the drinking fountain on the parade ground for his bath, thence to the hills nearby for recreation. But shortly before noon Petey is back on the porch railing, waiting to be petted and fed by the boys.

He adores having them catch live flies for him, and will perch on the wrist of a veteran, digging his beak into the clenched fist to extricate the live insect.

Not only is Petey the idol of the disabled veterans, but also of those ex-soldiers who live in the "Home" attached to the hospital—nearly 1,000 men live there.

Many hours are whiled away by the patients with Petey. It is not uncommon for him to sit on the forefinger of an admirer for 20 minutes at a time, sound asleep. He also loves to "pick his feathers" while balanced on a human perch.

He flies to a veteran's shoulder, and when he tires of that position will light directly on top of his head, and it takes much coaxing to bring him down.

Petey has been the inspiration for a poem by Edward Madden, once a patient at Bath. Madden, who served in the 22nd New York Infantry during the Spanish-American War, is the author of the world-famous war ballad, "Blue Bell."

Here's his rhymed tribute to the pet:

'Twas a cute little starling that fell
From it's mother's nest down to the ground
Where we found it and nourished it well
'Till it learned to hop gaily around.

'Twas "Petey" we named it and soon
Our favorite mascot it grew
'Twould hop on our fingers and croon
It's sweet song to cheer us when blue.

So we helped it when searching for flies
And worms for its tummy so small
As it twinkled its cute little eyes
And flew to us each time we'd call.

Now should we lose our "Petey," we'd
one and us all
Be sad as we went hunting over the
ground
And "Petey! Come, Petey!" we'd all
of us call.
For not one like "Petey" could ever
be found!

Colonel Hadley, One of Petey's Favorites, With the Bird on His Shoulder.

"Petey," the Starling, Reared From Babyhood by the Veterans, and Now Their "Prince of Cheer," Shown Perched on the Finger of One of the Patients at the Government Hospital, at Bath, N. Y.

Nurse Marybel Jobe Chatting With Petey Just Before Lunch Time.

Where Pupils Spend Recess In The Community Bathtub

AMERICAN boys and girls are taught, in one way and another, that cleanliness is next to Godliness. Three teachers show them the right way to brush their teeth, urge them to come to school with spotless hands, shining faces and neatly combed hair. But all these persuasions to sanitation and personal appearance would be looked upon as a big joke in Japan.

In the Land of the Cherry Blossom, where group bathing has been a custom for centuries, the teacher and all his pupils sometimes strip off their clothes and spend a good, long recess soaking in a pool of hot water big enough to hold the entire class. The photograph at the right was snapped in a Tokyo school the other day and similar pictures could be taken in a dozen other Japanese primary and grammar schools.

The instant the bell rings telling the youngsters that it is playtime they rush to the bathroom, peel off their clothes, hang them neatly in lockers and jump in. Teacher takes the plunge, too, and sits in the steaming water with his charges. The soap is passed around and so are rough washrags and everybody has a fine time taking a bath on the community's time.

To Occidental minds this seems a strange thing to do, even though the benefits of frequent and thorough bathing are appreciated in the Western World. American fathers and mothers probably would object to any such goings-on in their schools and rush to parent-teacher association meetings to emphatically explain that they have bathrooms in their homes and are quite capable of seeing that their youngsters keep themselves sweet and clean.

But in Japan bathing is something of a national pastime. All over the country there are public baths where the citizens of both sexes go to sit in water that would scald the average American or European—and the taxpayers think it's a great idea to install similar equipment in the public schools.

The Japanese have the notion that hot baths pep up the system and build resistance against diseases. They are as sure of this as many Americans are that the way to start the day is to step under a nice, cold shower and get waked up as well as physically sweet.

Even Nipponese youngsters feel this way about bathing and most of them would rather splash about in a pool of hot water than run about the schoolyard, flying kites or playing tag. The youngsters shown in the photograph bathe at school at least twice a week and they would do so oftener if the regulations and the teacher would let them.

On the edge of the school pool are several showers and, when the hot bath is over, all the boys clamber out and close their pores by stepping under strong streams of ice cold water. They like this, too, the sturdy little shavers, and it prevents them from catching cold when school is out and they go outdoors.

When the pool was built it was supposed that it would be large enough, but the enrolment surpassed the estimates of the authorities and it may be necessary to enlarge the basin if there's to be room enough for the teacher and all the youngsters in his charge. In the picture, the pool is just about filled by twenty-seven young Japs and, next season, it is expected that the class will number at least forty lads eager to learn—and spend an occasional recess playing in the water.

Next season the bathers will probably use the pool in shifts.

This Tokyo Public School Class Never Had a Truant. The Boys Enjoy Their Sessions Because They Make It a Regular Practice to Cavort in the Community Bathtub With Their Teacher.

John Frearis, of Cleveland, Showing How He Can Balance 5,700 Matches on the Neck of a Bottle.

No Use, But Can You Do It?

PILING matches on the necks of bottles probably doesn't come under the head of useful occupations; it falls into the category with flagpole sitting, "knock-knock" and "tick-tack-toe," and persons who have the time, skill and patience to try their hands at the fad can't possibly contribute to their personal progress or the national welfare. The trick is a good one, if you can do it, however, and the fellow shown in the photograph above is one of the crack match pilers in the country.

His name is John Frearis, he lives in Cleveland, and he's a shoemaker by profession. He was inspired to try his hand at piling matches on the neck of a bottle when one of his fellow townsmen, full of Thanksgiving cheer, started the fad for his own amusement. The newspapers reported that the originator of the pastime had stacked more than 5,000 matches on top of a bottle and published pictures of the precarious creation. It didn't seem, at the time, that anyone would have the patience or the steady hand to match the achievement.

But Mr. Frearis, believing that he has as keen an eye and as steady a hand as the next one, picked out a good, broad-bottomed bottle, put in a big stock of matches and went to work. Stick by stick the heap grew. It was slow work but the shoemaker stuck to it.

Several days after he started he was up to the forty-fifth tier and the widest layer extended way beyond the sides of the bottle. At this point the job became, as the match-piler said, "very ticklish." Every match he placed on seemed the one that would add that unbalanced fraction of an ounce of weight that would send the whole symmetrical pile tumbling down.

Once he got started on the diversion, Mr. Frearis couldn't think of quitting until he had broken the record. So he shut down the machinery in his shop because he was afraid that the vibration would jar the bottle and undo all his painstaking wood piling.

The publicity that attended the shoemaker's efforts inspired many other persons to waste their time and patience trying to outdo him at the same game.

Movie Fans Reviving the Tattooing "Art"

PEOPLE in this country go a long way to do honor to their heroes and heroines of the movie screen. They write millions of fan letters every year. mob their favorites every time they try to walk along a crowded street and pay enough money into the box office to let the stars live in regal luxury, when they are not at work in the studios.

But few Americans are willing to go as far for their film idols as hundreds of Britishers are at the moment. These movie fans, for some strange reason, are patronizing the shops of tattoo artists and having the likenesses of their favorite stars permanently etched on their backs, their arms and other parts of their anatomy.

Only the most ardent of fans have these portraits pricked into their hides so that they never can be removed. Others, with more regard for their complexions, have the pictures drawn in indelible ink which, with certain chemicals and lots of soap and hot water can be erased. But, if the reports from the tattoo artists are reliable, they are doing a rushing business with their electric needles.

Mr. George Burchett, one of the country's best known tattooists, with a shop on Waterloo Road, London, has needled his handiwork on the pelts of several thousand persons, ranging all the way from members of the nobility to hairy-chested seamen of the Royal Navy.

"I don't know just what's brought this fad on," says Mr. Burchett, "because people have been worshiping movie stars for a long time. But something's happened because I've been busy for a month tattooing the features of half a dozen film stars on the skins of customers.

"Most of the customers are women, but occasionally a man comes in to get a picture of his favorite screen heroine put on his chest or his back. The choices seem to run more to Hollywood stars than to British favorites—especially to Gary Cooper."

The lanky and handsome Mr. Cooper won the hearts of thousands of British maids and matrons by his romantic playing of an English army officer in the movie version of the book, "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

The Tattooing "Art" Is Being Revived in London by Many Young Women, Who Are Such Ardent Movie Fans That They Have the Portraits of Their Favorite Stars Needled Into Their Skin.

No More Tire Blowouts

ITALIAN tire makers believe that, at last, they have perfected an inner tube that is puncture-proof. During the past few months the new device has been subjected to such menaces to motoring as tacks, nails, broken glass and needles, and, the report is, the tires have stayed full of air.

The inventors aren't ready yet to divulge their new inner tube in all its details but they have explained that it is fashioned somewhat after the complicated make-up of the walls of the human lung. The tube consists of two flexible, doughnut-like cylinders. The inside tube is similar to those in use all over the world today. The outer tube is quite different. It is made up of several hundred tiny compartments.

When the inside tube is pumped full of air the outside tube is squeezed flat against the walls of the tire. In case of a puncture only one, or a very few of the tiny air compartments become cut. The other compartments expand and fill the space left empty with air, thus causing no noticeable softening of the tire.

Italian automotive engineers have seen many of the tests of the supposedly puncture-proof tire and are of the opinion that it will prove of great value on army trucks, airplanes and those speedy tanks that travel on pneumatic tires instead of on metal caterpillar treads.

Within a short time it is planned to produce the inner tubes on a large scale and make them available to passenger cars and trucks.

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Funny Bert Lahr's "Serious Love Making"

Unsolicited Testimonial From Lawyer Robinson, of New York, Pictures Mr. Lahr as the Perfect and Irresistible Lover and Asks $500,000 Damages for One of the Most Extraordinary Wooings of Another Man's Wife Ever Alleged in Court

Mr. Robinson and Mildred on Their Bermuda Honeymoon, and Above Them Bert Making One of Those Funny Faces That Made Him Famous.

Comedian Lahr and Mildred Enjoying Themselves at a New York Night Club.

Mr. Lahr Laughing at a Body Blow From a Sparring Mate, but Mr. Robinson Says He Won't Be Able to Laugh Off His Legal Ones So Easily.

The Charming Figure of Mildred Robinson Revealed by a Bathing Suit.

Mrs. Mildred Schroeder Robinson, Whom Mr. Robinson Wants Back.

STAGE comedians have been described in the divorce courts as inattentive, stingy and otherwise unsatisfactory lovers of their own wives. But when it comes to making love to another man's wife, "that's something else again," according to Joseph S. Robinson, eminent New York lawyer, who charges that Bert Lahr, slap-stick comedian, started to make fast furious and irresistible love to Mrs. Mildred Schroeder Robinson, from the moment that he heard she was a bride.

When Mr. Robinson married Mildred Schroeder, lovely, blonde show girl and dancer in 1936, he says he did not know that the comedian had already called two strikes on the marriage by forbidding the banns. He was aware that Mildred had played an engagement with Lahr in the musical hit "Flying High," but not that this could in any way interfere with another engagement to him that was matrimonial, not theatrical.

Besides, funny Mr. Lahr had a wife who showed no intentions of divorcing him. Since the comedian could not marry Mildred except in a remote and uncertain future, wasn't a dependable husband in the present much more valuable?

The attorney says one reason he did not suspect this comic but formidable opponent to his serious intentions for a happy married life, was because the comedian was out of town on a long tour. Probably Mr. Lahr would not have done it even had he been in town and known in time, but it would have been a novel comedy-melodrama scene had he arisen at the ceremony to "give the bride away."

If half Mr. Robinson's assertions are true nobody can ever again pretend that comedians are laggards at love. Had any man been so energetic, resourceful and extravagant in winning back a straying wife someone would have written a beautiful play around such a hero. But Mr. Lahr's own personal wife happens not to be a strayer, and all this romantic energy is alleged to have been spent in causing Mr. Robinson's bride to stray.

Also Mr. Lahr denies that he did anything of the kind.

This unsolicited testimonial that the comedian is the great lover, and no joking about it, was laid before the courts of Brooklyn in connection with Mr. Robinson's petition to examine certain records of hotels, telephone and cable companies and banks to collect evidence for a $500,000 alienation of affections suit against one Isadore Lahrheim, "commonly known as Bert Lahr." The petition reads in part as follows:

"Prior to my marriage Bert Lahr threatened he would spend unlimited sums of money and to do everything in his power to destroy the marriage union if it was entered into. In furtherance of the threat, prior to and after the marriage and during the time I and my wife were living together, Bert Lahr employed the Schindler Detective Agency to investigate every chapter of my life in an effort to unearth damaging information concerning me.

"For services rendered in conducting such investigation, R. C. Schindler, Inc., was paid the sum of $2,000. Being unsuccessful, however, in the attempt to unearth desired information, although every chapter of my life had been gone into, Bert Lahr falsely and maliciously and, in furtherance of his object, made representations to my wife in degradation of my character."

That should have been a screamingly funny scene when the private detective informed Mr. Lahr that for all his $2,000 he hadn't brought in a single crumb of degradation. The affidavit does not state whether the two men roared with laughter at this $2,000 joke on the comedian or if Bert beat the empty-handed detective with a slap-stick as he would have done on stage. Instead it relates:

Bert Lahr, in addition to acts hereinafter referred to, sought to accomplish his purpose by giving my wife large sums of money, an average of $250 weekly, and gifts running into many thousands of dollars. He further promised and agreed to support and maintain her in a style beyond my income and constantly communicated with her personally and through others urging a destruction of the marriage.

"During the time that I was at my office Bert Lahr continually sought to and did communicate with my wife by telephone and otherwise and constantly annoyed and bothered her. Annoyance and continuous pressure was being exercised by persons whose names are unknown to me with the result that my wife's health became endangered, she became nervous and irritable, causing her to complain to me that she was constantly being haunted and almost out of her mind. To use the words of Mildred Schroeder Robinson—'The whole damn bunch haunt me so much I am almost out of my mind.'"

This is a curious and puzzling situation which would be hard to make convincing on the stage, but then fact is supposed to be stranger than fiction. Here is a frantic bride pursued by a whole corps of villains and villainesses. She wants to be a good girl, but begins to foresee that under this constant sales pressure she may weaken and stray, which makes her very nervous. That sort of scene on the stage usually has to be eliminated at road tryouts because somebody in the audience yells:

"Why don't you call a cop?"

Evidently neither Mr. nor Mrs. Robinson thought of that simple solution, but it would seem that Mr. Robinson believes that it crossed Mr. Lahr's mind, for the affidavit continues:

"Thereafter, Bert Lahr, believing that I had obtained information or had reason to believe that he was interfering with my marital happiness abruptly sailed for London on what was announced as a six weeks' trip. Prior to his sailing Bert Lahr consorted and conspired with one who calls himself Major Sam Alexander, an intimate of Lahr's, also a friend of Mrs. Robinson, to urge and persuade Mrs. Robinson that the marriage was a mistake and that it should be destroyed.

"Major Sam Alexander, assuming the role of fatherly adviser—Mrs. Robinson's father being dead—by continually harassing Mrs. Robinson (she by this time nerve-wracked and frantic with the thought that Lahr would never let her be happy with me) finally persuaded her to believe that her marriage was destined to be a failure and that the best interests of all parties concerned would be better served by its destruction. Because of the constant pressure and continuous annoying communications Mrs. Mildred Schroeder Robinson went to the home of her aunt in Gary, Indiana."

It is an old story for tearful brides to run home to mother because their new husband wasn't nice to them. But for a bride to do so because another woman's husband was trying to be too nice to her, seems to be another new situation. The plot now begins to run into big money, besides the alleged presents and that $250 a week thrust into Mildred's unwilling hand.

"Shortly thereafter," continues Mr. Robinson, "I received a letter from a Chicago lawyer, one well experienced in matrimonial litigation and a friend of both Bert Lahr and Major Sam Alexander, suggesting a collusive divorce to which I unqualifiedly refused to be a party. Overtures were made to me under which I was offered $50,000 if I would release Mildred Schroeder Robinson from her marriage ties and give her back her freedom."

Mr. Robinson scorned it. The fact that by this time he must have known his wife's past, her present, and been in a position to get a pretty good squint at the future, makes him one of the best scorners of 1936. Right on the heels of this great refusal, according to the affidavit, came another:

"Thereafter Mrs. Helen Schroeder, my wife's mother, whose home is in Cincinnati, Ohio, upon learning that her daughter and I were separated and apart, came to New York to learn the cause of the separation. While in New York the said Major Sam Alexander, one of the conspirators, attempted to enlist her aid in persuading her daughter to break up the marriage."

This alleged asking a mother to break up her daughter's respectable home for the benefit of a married man, seemed as far as anyone could go in the heights of audacity. Mr. Robinson perhaps lacks the dramatic instincts of a playwright because he lets his drama down from this towering point with the following anti-climax:

"The same did not meet with the approval of my mother-in-law and she summarily directed Major Alexander to cease all further activity in the affairs of her daughter.

"My wife and I having thus been separated, upon Mrs. Robinson's return to New York City I arranged for her to live at the American Women's Club on West Fifty-seventh Street, New York City, with her mother, who was already in New York City."

With Bert across the ocean and the uncertain Mrs. Robinson safely immured in a club where no man but a burglar could get at her, and the mother-in-law having told Alexander to unhand her daughter, Mr. Robinson thought that, for the time being at least, things would not get any worse. But the worst was yet to come. He says:

"In the meantime, Bert Lahr, in London, conspired with and induced Eva Lewis, an acquaintance of Mrs. Robinson, to leave London and visit Mrs. Robinson in New York City. Bert Lahr paid the transportation for Eva Lewis and offered a substantial sum of money if she would persuade Mrs. Robinson to permanently destroy the marriage.

"Let it here be pointed out that Eva Lewis, like Bert Lahr and Major Sam Alexander, has no respect for law and order."

In all innocence Mr. and Mrs. Robinson met Eva at the boat and, because she had no other place, thought it would be nice to move her into Mildred's suite at the Women's Club. Mr. Robinson is now curious about any cables or radio message that may have passed between Eva in New York and Lahr in London, making the last sad scene possible. The lawyer says that when the comedian arrived in New York three days ahead of schedule, Eva and Mildred checked out of the club. Mildred also checked out of his life with the following note:

"Dear Robby: I received the copy of Arnold Bennett and thanks much. I am checking out of the hotel and going away for a time. I really think it's for the best and please do not feel bitter toward me. Robby, you have everything I admire in a man but I could not find happiness with you. I took the $50 and paid the bill which I am enclosing marked 'paid.' Goodbye and may God bless you and give you happiness. Sincerely, Mildred."

The court has granted Mr. Robinson's petition to make the various corporations let him see their records. Explaining why he did so, the judge said that Lahr did not claim that the evidence Robinson was seeking did not exist, nor did he claim such evidence would not be admissible in court; nor because it was in the nature of privileged or confidential communications. Furthermore, the judge said, Lahr did not deny that unless this evidence was now protected it might be destroyed. Such a destruction, the judge said, is "not unlikely in itself, nor is it unknown in litigation of this character."

Lahr, Alexander, Eva and the others named as conspirators and defendants in the coming half million dollar suit, say that there is not a word of truth in any of the charges and they will disprove them when the case is tried.

Mildred, to quiet her flustered nerves, has withdrawn from this wicked world and hidden herself in the cloistered solitude of Hollywood.

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Never-Never Land Where Fairy Tales Are Brought To Life

The Electric Pelican Is Another Attraction, Facing on the Highway. The Bird Lights Up at Intervals, His Entire Body Being Studded With Bulbs.

Particularly Appealing to Juvenile Visitors at the Festival in Southend Is This Animal Group, Showing a Pre-Bedtime Scene. Mother Mouse Is Reading to Her Youngsters.

LONDON.

FOR more than a century Southend-on-sea, a resort about 25 miles due east of the British capital, has been a popular goal for thousands of Londoners to go a-holiday-ing. In the Summer they go there by steamer, by train and by bus to enjoy the thrills of roller coasters, Ferris wheels and all the other attractions of a modern amusement park. But most of all, the crowds that visit Southend-on-Sea there for the astonishing "Festival of Light," which covers more than four and a half miles of pier and waterfront and cost more than $200,000 to install.

The owners of the resort had the good judgment to borrow ideas from Never-never land—knowing well that most of the people who come to the resort bring their youngsters along with them. The photographs on this page show only a few of the brilliantly lighted fairy land tableaux that are scattered about Southend.

Perhaps the most spectacular item in the "Festival of Light" is a boxing match between a couple of frogs who do their fighting while a queer looking bird acts as referee. Other birds and beasts sit about the ringside watching the pugnacious proceedings.

Soon after sundown the lights are turned on, bringing this scene out of the darkness and dozens of other sights equally exciting and unreal. Not far from the boxing match is a domestic family tableau in a thicket of shrubbery. Mother Mouse, with a checkered shawl thrown over her shoulders is reading to a couple of her youngsters, one of them amusingly smoking a pipe while he listens to some bedtime story.

Above—Championship Bout With Two Bullfrogs as Pugilists Seems to Be Absorbing the Interest of the Other Strange Creatures of Never-Never Land.

—And at Left—

Here's a Merry Party of Frogs and Their Playmates, Moving Away From an Ion Party in Their Mechanical Chariot.

Beside another of the miles of walks at the famous resort is an illuminated pelican, a smiling fellow wearing a top hat. His metal body is studded with colored lights that blink on and off.

Whoever designed the Never-never Land figures had a fertile imagination. Another of the photographs on this page shows a party of frogs and other creatures driving away from a miniature inn. The wagon in which they are riding is even stranger than they are, looking very much like a combination of a steam roller and some mechanical monster of the future. This scene is thrown into high relief by a battery of powerful floodlights.

Out on the pier, which stretches out into the water for a mile and a quarter, is another Mother Goose show called Neptune's Nursery. Among other sea beasts in this display is a 70-foot dragon that blinks its eyes, wiggles its great tail and breathes fire out of its ugly maw and its nostrils.

Most of these figures are animated. The fighting frogs, for example, dance an impish jig and go after each other with uppercuts, jabs and roundhouse rights. Their movements are controlled by a mechanism concealed beneath the floor of the platform.

The joy-riding frogs and their friends wag their heads, move their scaly arms and Mother Mouse nods her head emphatically to stress some point in the story she's telling her youngsters.

Southend is London's Coney Island. More than 100,000 people live there the year round and on a pleasant midsummer day it often is crowded with more than a million merrymakers, most of them from the British capital. When the tide goes out the water on the beach is shallow a mile from the shore but the end of the pier is always in deep water.

Town Has Public Alarm Clocks, Handy in Case of Sudden War

PRAGUE.

THE political powers-that-be in the capital of Czechoslovakia, although they are doing their best to steer their country away from the war that seems to many observers just around the corner, are taking precautions against the upheaval.

The country's citizens are learning to work with their faces covered in gas masks and, from time to time, leave their benches and their desks to duck underground to bomb-proof shelters. They don't want war, but they are practicing "just in case."

Not long ago crews of mechanics installed more than 20 street clocks that are unlike any such things the people of Prague ever saw before. These time tellers are placed at the top of stout, steel standards. They look like the usual clocks that are found on the principal streets of many cities in Europe and in America—except for a metal plate and a cast-iron gadget riveted above the clocks' figured faces.

For a day or two the citizens of Prague were puzzled by these things, but not for long because as soon as all the clocks were in place and keeping accurate time, the city's newspapers explained that, at such noon, an unconfirmed noise would be heard all over the metropolis, a shrill sound which might give sensitive, or nervous people, a turn.

These noises, the papers pointed out, would come from the shiny cans on top of the clocks. In other words, the city had installed a battery of public alarm clocks—not to wake citizens up in the morning and blow bedtime curfews for them at night, but in case of war.

Every one of the clocks is connected by electric cables with a central station. By the pressing of a button the voices of the sirens break out, simultaneously. The sound that comes from the clocks is not what might be described as ear-splitting but it is penetrating and carries for several hundred yards in every direction.

Within the next few weeks it is probable that the city fathers will begin testing the usefulness of the public alarm clocks by issuing orders for every man, woman and child in the place to go through certain definite maneuvers the instant the public alarm clocks "go off." It is likely that the sirens will be made the signal for the donning of gas masks and a rush to bomb-proof shelters.

One of the Public Alarm Clocks Erected in Prague. This One Stands in Front of the National Museum. It Is Equipped With a Siren.

For more than a year now cities in Germany, France, England and almost every other European country have been working out similar ideas. In London every police station has been supplied with one or more fast motorcycles equipped with special sirens. In the event of an air raid these machines will cover the city in a few minutes and tell everybody to get undercover and stay there for a while.

Many German cities have installed powerful central sirens which can be heard for several miles. The country's ablest engineers and scientists co-operated in developing devices which would carry sound a maximum distance from the source.

The Czechoslovakian alarm clocks are probably the most efficient warning devices in Europe.

Hosiery Styles Created by Movie Artists. The "Stockings" Are Simply Painted On in Waterproof Designs, and the Young Women Are Not Bothered by Runs and Are Assured of Original Styles.

Four-Wheel Brakes, Streamlining, Floating Power, Etc., Were No Part of the Automobile When This Was Manufactured. But It Was the Last Word in Smart Private Transportation 40 Years Ago. Recently, the Old Exhibit Was Driven Along English Highways, Causing Much Interest.

Smartest Motor—40 Years Ago

ALMOST every year when the automobile shows are held in London, Manchester and other British cities, the promoters of these exhibits dust off some of the ancient models of "gasoline buggies"—"petrol wagons" they call them in the British Isles—and have them driven through the streets so that people can be amused, and see just how remarkably the motor car has developed in one short generation.

The small and odd-looking machine shown in the photograph above was the last word in automobiles in England forty years ago. The few people who could afford such equipment, which cost much more than cars twice as big and four times as fast, used to dress up in dusters and goggles and chug along highways, frightening horses and bringing people running from their houses to get a look at the "freaks" that, in their opinion, would never prove practical nor replace the horse and carriage as a means of getting about.

The car seen in the picture was, in its day, something of a de luxe model. Over its tires, which are about the size and weight of bicycle tires, it had flat, light-weight fenders frankly copied from the type of mudguards then used on horse-drawn carriages. It's seat was nigh, barely large enough for two people and was placed behind a polished leather "dashboard."

All its brakes and levers were easily got at—like open plumbing—and it wasn't safe to do much driving at night because the two brass kerosene lamps didn't throw enough light for the driver to see plainly 50 feet ahead of him.

But the thing that made this machine very much a de luxe affair was the wicker lunch basket which fitted into a metal rack just behind the single seat. It was great fun rolling off to a picnic, burning up the roads at 15 or 20 miles an hour, which was high speed in those days.

No Runs in This Hosiery

THE manufacturers of silk stockings hope that a new fad now finding some favor in Hollywood won't catch on all over the country and send the total of their sales dipping to a new low. The vogue is shown in the photograph at the left—"stockings" that are painted on the legs—by experts who ought to find considerable pleasure in their work.

Like many another fad, this one is likely to "peter out" after a time because the majority of women haven't the time nor the money to spend on painted stockings. What's more, these designs on legs do not, of course, provide the slightest bit of protection against the wind and the weather and only in warm climates do the "socks" make sense.

But even if the odd fashion doesn't catch on and enjoy nation-wide acceptance, it has its advantages. The young women shown in the photograph wore their artistic hosiery for a day and reported not a single run.

The "stockings" were, like so many similar ideas, hatched in the head of a Hollywood publicity man and worked out by make-up artists whose job it is to help stars and extras look their best when they go before the sound cameras.

The designs are done in waterproof paint that can stand up fairly well even in a driving rain storm, or in the surf at the beach, but with soap and hot water the paint comes off, leaving the legs ready for orthodox stockings that don't take nearly so long to put on and take off.

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Thrilling Jungle Adventures of Martin Johnson and His Wife

Hair-breadth Escapes From Death, and Tight Places Where Only Courage and Quick Thinking Saved the Devoted Couple Who Found Civilization Far More Dangerous Than the Wilderness

Mrs. Martin Johnson Giving Her Wild Jungle Cat an Airing on Deck.

Mrs. Johnson Astride the Rhinoceros Which Almost Killed Her Husband Before Her Gun Could Stop Its Charge.

Explorers Martin Johnson and Mrs. Johnson on One of Their Returns From the Jungle. He Is Carrying a Baby Gorilla and She a Baby Chimpanzee.

JUST twenty-four hours before Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, the well-known explorers, took the fatal airplane ride which resulted in death to Martin and severe injuries to his wife, Osa, both of them had a premonition of impending disaster.

As the Johnsons were about to board the plane which later plunged to earth within fifteen miles of its destination, Martin said:

"I almost got killed by a taxi this morning. The jungles are really safe when you know how to get along in them. America, probably because it is the most civilized place in the world, is the most dangerous."

And Osa, who had been his constant companion in the many strange and dangerous lands which they had visited since their marriage twenty-six years ago added:

"I actually feel uneasy when I'm away from the jungles. I'll be glad when we get back in them!"

The Johnsons were ideally suited to each other. Ever since Martin met and married Osa, when he returned from the voyage on which Jack London immortalized in "The Cruise of the Snark," they shared their jungle adventures together. Many times the incidents which to outsiders seemed to be narrow escapes from death were casually explained away by Martin with the remark: "My wife holds the gun. I'd rather have her beside me when shooting pictures than the most expert marksman in the world. Twice she's dropped charging elephants at my feet. Several times she dropped lions that came charging at the camera. And any number of other times she's saved my life with her rifle."

In spite of the many thrilling adventures which they shared, the Johnsons were a modest couple. Martin preferred to be known as "the man behind the camera" and to let the interesting motion pictures which he made of wild animals and savages tell their own story.

Because of this he had a habit of minimizing or understating the many dangers which he and Osa faced and which, because they were more at home in the jungle than in civilization they were always prepared for. Very often, when reading the stories of these adventures, he would give them a humorous twist, which made the reader forget the danger involved.

One of these incidents which Martin delighted in telling concerned an early forest expedition in which they flew over 25,000 miles of jungle while on a two-year visit to The Dark Continent. Their airplane had landed on a large clearing in the hot country and while Martin was getting his cameras ready, Osa had opened the glass hatch at the side of the plane to take a good look around.

A large and surly lion which had been making a tour of inspection under the wing of the airplane suddenly decided to assert this giant bird-like creature which had alighted in his peaceful jungle. He also decided to attack Osa.

Osa and the lion saw each other at about the same time, at a distance of twelve feet. The lion charged, but Osa was equally as fast. When he pounced on the spot where he thought her head would be, his claws slipped off shotgun plastic for Osa had quickly slammed the hatch closed and tumbled into the cabin. Lucky for her the glass door was heavy and unbreakable.

Martin looked up from his work to see what all the excitement was about and when he took in the situation he saw that the lion was big enough to unnerve even a hardboiled male. But Osa wasn't unnerved like was angry. She picked up the nearest thing at hand, which happened to be a package of prepared pancake flour. Cautiously she opened the hatch door while the lion watched her warily. She drew back her right arm and then—was to "A pound of pancake flour struck the lion squarely on the nose, the package broke and the finely sifted flour cascaded over his head and into his eyes. With a startled roar, the lion turned tail and galloped off into the jungle.

Osa's aim with a rifle was equally as good as with flour however. She pressed this many times while she stood beside her husband as he made motion pictures of jungle beasts. Sometimes they would charge directly at the camera from such a short distance that there would be scant time for any one well placed shot.

One of these exciting occurrences took place on the Johnsons' first safari through Africa. Martin and Osa stumbled into a herd of 100 wild buffaloes, called by Carl Akeley, the explorer, the most dangerous animals in Africa. Fortunately the animals were as startled as they were. The herd fled a hundred yards, wavered, and, heads down, prepared to charge. But the Goddess of Luck was with the Johnsons for the buffalos wavered again and disappeared.

Once while Osa was at camp, Martin had a narrow escape which convinced him that he would rather have her at his side than any big game hunter. The hunter, a crack shot and Martin had left the camp to photograph a leopard which natives had seen in the vicinity. Osa told friends about the incident long afterwards.

"Martin was filming a leopard, the most dangerous animal in Africa because it is so fast," she said. "The leopard, a female, leaped right on top of the camera before she could be shot. She was so close to Martin when the shot was fired that he was spattered with blood."

Osa also had her share of adventures when she wasn't with Martin. On one of the earlier Johnson expeditions to the Lake Paradise region of British East Africa, Osa left camp for a short ride on her mule. The mule jogged along at a slow trot, the fastest anybeast had ever been able to make it go.

Suddenly, about a mile out of camp, Osa on the mule and a rhino came face to face. The mule had never seen a rhino before and this was the rhino's first mule. For one split second all three stopped and it was impossible to tell which was the most scared. Then, simultaneously the mule and the rhino wheeled in their tracks and galloped off, the mule bearing Osa back into camp in probably the briefest time for one mile every made by a mule anywhere.

Both Osa and Martin became exceedingly ingenious as the result of experiences such as these and they acquired the same dangers twice as a result of the knowledge thus gained.

The Explorer's Wife and a Head-Hunter Hold Conversation in Borneo.

Martin Johnson and His Wife Sitting on a Huge Elephant Which Mrs. Johnson Brought Down With a Single Shot Just as It Was Charging Their Camp.

This, perhaps, is why they came through so many adventures unharmed.

"You must always be alert," Osa once remarked. "I've gone along game trails at night and heard a stick break somewhere near. Is it a lion? Is it an elephant? Is it a buffalo? I ask myself. Then I light a match as quietly as possible and watch the smoke. If the smoke drifts towards the direction the sound is coming from, I know the animal knows I'm there and it's time to get ready and see whether he's planning to charge or run away. If it drifts in the other direction, I know it's all right, he probably doesn't know I'm there."

In spite of precautions such as this, however, incidents did continue to happen. Sounds in the jungle are deceptive and even a person as experienced as Osa couldn't always tell the direction from which they came.

"The first time I ever heard elephants screaming in Borneo, I started running right toward them," said Osa. "Before I got there, luckily I stumbled and fell into one of the pigmole traps the natives had dug. That saved me. Martin came and took me away in time."

Thus each of the Johnsons faced dangers individually as well as together and each had a sense of humor and loyalty which made whomever was telling the story take the blame for what had happened.

The narrowest escape in their lives, they both believe, occurred on one of their expeditions to the South Seas when they visited the Island of Malekula to film some of the weird rites and ceremonies practiced by the head-hunting savages of Chief Nagapate.

Malekula is under British protection but tucked away in a remote spot of the South Seas, it is very seldom visited by white men. To this savage island the Johnsons journeyed, made friends with Nagapate and succeeded in making an interesting motion picture of the art of smoking and preserving human heads.

When it came time for them to leave the island, Nagapate protested first in friendly fashion and then in sinister tones. Osa's long, dark hair evidently appealed to the chief who saw her head as a valuable trophy. Martin sensed what was going on in his mind and under cover of night tried to escape with Osa to their boat. They became separated and Nagapate captured them both.

Thoroughly armed, the chief had them taken to the ceremonial ring on top of the hill early the next morning. Martin knew then what was in store for them although he tried to quiet Osa's alarm.

Then, just as in a motion picture, came aid—or rather it almost came. From the top of the hill Nagapate and the tightly-bound Johnsons could look down into the harbor. Beside the Johnson boat there appeared the British patrol-boat Euphrosyne on one of her periodical visits of inspection. As soon as Nagapate saw the Euphrosyne lower one of her boats, he ordered the Johnsons freed and they lost no time in dashing down the hill.

They had gone but a short way, however, when the Euphrosyne weighed anchor and left the island. Realizing that the British had not come to rescue the Johnsons, Nagapate in great anger led his men down the hill to recapture them. Both Osa and Martin reached their boat and escaped by a very narrow margin.

Veteran lion-hunters say that the closest it is safe to get to a lion while hunting is 200 yards, assuming the hunter is on horseback. The Johnsons photographed the beasts from within thirty feet, on foot, and Martin didn't even have a gun, depending on his wife to cover him in the event of trouble.

On another occasion, Johnson was filming a rhinoceros notoriously irritable, and breadmaking of destruction once they get under way in a charge, this beast headed straight for the camera, believing in rage, Mrs. Johnson could have dropped him when he started his charge, but that is not the way good motion pictures are made. So she stood there, hoping that possibly the rhino might change his mind. But he didn't. When he was thirty feet from the camera, she fired. When the dust settled the camera was in the grass a dozen feet in one direction and Johnson was picking himself up from a spot in the other direction. The rhinoceros was dead on the spot both Johnson and the camera had been on.

On another occasion when Martin was taking a lion cleanup, Mrs. Johnson was standing ahead of him, to one side, tossing golf balls at a sleeping male in an effort to get a rise action out of him. Johnson was cranking away, when he heard a queer noise behind him. He looked over his shoulder, and somewhere in his forgot to turn the camera crank. Five feet behind him stood another full-grown lion, watching the proceedings with interest.

Ahead, unaware of the situation, Mrs. Johnson was chuckling at her accuracy with golf balls. "He's getting up, Martin," she called back. But a rule in lion hunting is to keep your eye on the lion, so he didn't look back. Johnson had no gun. He was afraid to warn Osa for fear the sound of his voice might infuriate the beast behind him. He stood perfectly still. Perhaps the lion wasn't hungry, not peeved. The big beast stood there, watching Osa as she batted another golf ball at his brother. Interested, he walked past Johnson, so close that the explorer could have reached out and touched him.

"The poor lion won't do anything but stand there and stare at me," called Osa, still engaged in her golf-ball teasing. "That is all the golf balls—" and then she made a startled little "Oh-h!" as the second lion trotted right past her and up to the other one.

When Johnson and Osa went into the little known gorilla country in Belgian Congo to photograph these strange, man-like apes, they were repeatedly charged by huge bull apes. Sometimes the big animals carried their charge to within eight feet of the camera, but the steel-nerved pair had promised officials not to shoot one unless it was necessary to save their lives and they figured their lives weren't in danger until after the apes had passed the eight-foot dead-line, so they never fired a shot in self defense.

Lawyer's Life Made A Misery By Vengeful Joker

A VENGEFUL joker has been enjoying himself at the expense of one of Baltimore's best-known personalities, and if the suspicions of the police are correct he is also having a spectacular revenge for a fancied wrong. It is suspected that the joker is rankling over the fact that the victim of his picturesque pranks—which always make the front pages of the local newspapers—outgeneraled him in a divorce case by obtaining a decree in favor of the joker's wife.

It is also suspected that perhaps the joker played only a few of the jokes and that the spirit of the cruel jest was taken up by other persecutors. Whether this is true or not, the victim is, as a result, leading a life of misery, and can't seem to figure out any way of putting an end to his trouble, which develops at unexpected times and places and always with embarrassment.

The victim singled out for this anonymous torture is Attorney William Purnell Hall, a prominent and respected attorney, identified with many public and civic movements. In all the rest of his career Mr. Hall has not lived with such hectic force as during the past few weeks. Police have tried to protect him from the joker. Traps have been set, telephone lines tapped, worthless clues tracked down—but not even the cleverest detectives have been able to lay the outrages at the door of the man under suspicion.

The persecutions began soon after Mr. Hall had won the decree for a young matron. In fact, the ink on the divorce papers was hardly dry before the pranks began. It was early one evening when Mr. Hall answered the doorbell at his Tunbridge Road residence and found a polite Negro undertaker there. The undertaker said he understood there was a job there. Mr. Hall said no, there wasn't, and slammed the door.

Five minutes later another colored undertaker called. And five minutes later another. Altogether six of them appeared during the evening.

The next night it was ambulances. One after another ambulances drew up at the door of Mr. Hall's home and

Meals Have Been Sent in by a Dozen Restaurants, All at the Same Time, Though Mr. Hall Did Not Order Them. His Office Is Invaded Almost Every Day.

asked for the patient. And one after another was informed by a rapidly angering Mr. Hall that it was all a mistake.

The latest group of callers arrived a few night ago in a body—a three-piece colored band. Mr. Hall heard the music out on the road—they were playing "Happy Birthday to You"—then he heard it stop in front of his home, then heard it coming across his lawn. He went out to find the gaily-clad musicians cheerfully mounting his porch steps. Mr. Hall demanded to know what was the big idea. The leader explained that they had been hired to play for Mr. Hall's birthday party. He asked who had hired them. Why, they understood Mr. William Purnell Hall had. No, said Mr. Hall with vehemence and the band marched glumly away.

Scarcely a week has passed without some such occurrence.

Recently a butcher took a whole dressed pig into Mr. Hall's austere law office in the Knickerbocker Building.

On another occasion a man came in leading a live calf by a string.

Not long ago five guinea pigs arrived at the law office in a crate.

A dozen automobile salesmen from a recent auto show rushed to his office to take the orders for new cars which they understand Mr. Hall wanted.

A fourteen-volume set of books, entitled "How to Be a Good Lawyer," made their appearance.

Meals have been sent in from a dozen restaurants at once, and samples of almost every commodity on the market have arrived in the mails.

Taxicabs are constantly arriving at his home and office in an almost unbroken stream.

Dozens of times a day his telephone rings—at home and office—and there is no voice, only a shrill whistle or the ringing of a bell.

An exterminator from the Health Department showed up at his house asking where the skunk was.

Officials from the S. P. C. A. have arrived at his home, looking for animals in distress.

Milkmen arrive in droves, each leaving a quart of milk and a gill of cream.

Mr. Hall once referred to the State Police as the "kitchen cabinet" force, and the next day half a dozen kitchen cabinets were delivered at his door.

A load of manure was spread on his lawn during his absence.

Telegrams pour in, signed by all sorts of celebrities including ex-King Edward VIII, asking his legal aid, and of course Mr. Hall can't always be sure they're fakes and has to check on them just to be sure.

Mr. Hall, complaining that he can't eat or sleep in peace, has appealed repeatedly to the Police Department, the Public Service Commission, the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company and the government agents.

So far no actual clues to the practical joker have been uncovered. It is believed that while one person may "have begun" Mr. Hall's lawyers who have reason to dislike Mr. Hall have seized the opportunity to join in the fun.

Meanwhile, Mr. Hall lives in dread of the phone and the postman and waits with sad resignation the events of each ensuing day. Mr. Hall thinks he knows who is at the bottom of, or at least, who started these ghastly jokes but he isn't able to get any evidence.

He is comforted somewhat, however, in the thought that Uncle Sam's sleuths may soon unmask his tormentor.

Married People Suffering Least From Mental Ailments

WHATEVER may be said for or against matrimony, the fact has been established that insanity occurs more frequently among the single than among the married. This may not seem so to some husbands. And it may be just as incredible to some wives. But according to Frederick J. Gaudet and Robert I. Watson, of the University of Newark, authors of an article on this subject in a recent issue of the Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology, there are ample statistics to prove it. Equally surprising, perhaps, is the fact that insanity is still more frequent among the widowed and divorced than either among the single or the married.

One explanation of why insanity is more frequent among the single is that many of the unmarried persons who are insane never got married because they were eccentric before they went crazy. Perhaps they realized that something was wrong with them and were afraid of marriage. Unbalanced and flighty, perhaps they were unable to concentrate their interest upon any particular person. Or because they were afflicted, perhaps they could not find anyone willing to marry them. In the case of men, it may be that their mental condition kept them from holding good jobs, or earning enough money to support a wife.

But there are some authorities who believe that the longer persons remain single the more likely they are to become mentally unbalanced, particularly if they have any hereditary tendency toward insanity. In other words, they say there may be something about the single state itself that is sometimes a contributing factor toward a mental breakdown.

The More Highly Civilized a Race Becomes, It Was Pointed Out, With Its Terrific Mechanical Pace, the Higher Percentage of Psychological Agitation and the Consequent Insanity.

That may be unpleasant news to many bachelors and spinsters. But it should be understood that just because persons remain unmarried it does not necessarily follow that they are always risking their sanity. A good deal depends on how sensible they are about their manner of living. People who neglect their health, lead irregular lives, keep to themselves too much of the time, or brood over their problems are naturally more likely to have those emotional disturbances that may eventually make them go crazy. Such people are to be found more often among the single, divorced and the widowed than among the married.

But it has been found that two of the things that most often cause insanity, or bring it out when there is any hereditary tendency toward it, are the excessive use of alcohol and diseases that are almost always a result of promiscuous conduct. In the belief that married couples are less likely to be alcoholics and less likely to contract diseases that may result in insanity, some phychologists offer this as an explanation of why insanity does not occur so frequently among the married.

To test out this theory, Mr. Gaudet and Mr. Watson made a study of the records of the New Jersey State Hospital at Greystone, covering a period of 40 years. They report that they found no evidence to support such a theory. In all of the cases of insanity from those two causes, there was not enough difference in the percentage of the single, the divorced, the widowed or the married to prove anything, one way or the other.

It would be absurd to say that insanity is more frequent among the widowed than the married because the former lead lone moral lives. There is certainly not enough evidence to support such an idea. So the only explanation seems to be that in general the widowed are older and therefore at the time in life when they are more likely to suffer mental breakdowns. This, at any rate, is the opinion of Mr. Gaudet and Mr. Watson, who say:

"If the widowed are older than the married, it appears probable that the psychoses (diseases of the mind) associated with late middle life and old age would be found more frequently among the widowed than among the married and in this way account, at least to some extent, for the higher percentage of insanity among the widowed than among the married."

Another factor might be their inability to reconcile themselves to the loss of their helpmates and their inability to adjust themselves to living alone after years of married life. This, brooding over their sorrow, they might lose their minds.

As for the divorced, the comparative frequency of insanity in this class is doubtless due to the relatively high percentage of mental instability to begin with. All persons who get divorces are not emotionally unbalanced, not by any means. But certainly a lot of them are. It is not necessary for anyone to look very far to find proof of this. Quite likely, there are many of those who should have never married in the first place. That, however, brings up another interesting question. If they had remained single would they have gone crazy sooner? Or was their mistake not in failing to remain single but in marrying the wrong person?

The more highly civilized a race becomes, the higher is its percentage of insanity. Psychologists say this is because in the process of evolution, life in general becomes more complex, adaptation more difficult, and therefore mental conflict is more in evidence. Insanity is also more frequent in congested centers of population, where the struggle for existence is greatest.

In their study of normal and abnormal minds, modern psychologists are continually making new discoveries, or finding a new understanding of the real meaning of old ones. It is now the belief of some authorities that almost everyone has peculiarities which, if carried far enough, would get him into an asylum. They say that well-balanced minds occasionally have slips, and for a time may be as badly out of "gear" as those of incurable lunatics. Equally interesting is the theory that the quiet, diffident, thoughtful type, who is always considerate of others, is more likely to lose his reason than the noisy, flashy obstreperous show-off.

The type known as an extravert, that is, one given to little if any self-analysis, usually has such a "thick skin" that no humiliation or disappointment can bother him for more than a fleeting moment. The opposite type, or introvert, who is continually studying himself, is in more danger of becoming unbalanced from severe emotional strain. Prolonged emotional stress, psychologists say, is frequently the thing that brings a mental breakdown, and in proof of this, they point to the many cases of "shell shock" during the World War.

Because two people have similar tastes at the time of their marriage, it does not necessarily follow that they will continue liking the same things all the rest of their lives. Human beings are continually changing, and too often a husband and wife develop along different lines. Such a divergence of interests sometimes causes conflicts that result in emotional disorders.

The general conclusion, however, seems to be that in married life a person is less likely to become a victim of excesses that might bring out any latent insanity. Then, to some extent, at least, the regularity of married life seems to be a protection against insanity.

This being so, the thought ought to be a cheering one to those husbands who think their domestic woes are driving them crazy. Those husbands whose wives are continually overdrawing their bank account, running up bills all over town, losing money every afternoon at bridge, and then dashing home at the last minute and into the kitchen with their hats still on, to warm up a can of something or other.

Likewise, it should be a comfort to the wife who wishes to goodness she had never let herself in for an everlasting round of cooking, dish washing, scrubbing, sweeping, dusting and sitting around night after night wondering whether hubby told the truth about that important business appointment, or was really out spending money he could not afford on some other woman, or maybe just getting "plastered." After all, matrimony might even be credited peculiarly with being a stabilizing influence, if it is in some degree successful.

Why Ross Swail Is Canada's "Luckiest Man"

THE luckiest man in all Canada today perhaps is 20-year-old Ross Swail of Arundel, Quebec, according to Montreal medical experts. Swail, they claim, owes his life to a combination of sheer luck, medical skill and the wisdom of a Methodist minister following one of the oddest motor car accidents ever experienced in Canada.

A few weeks ago Swail was an inconspicuous resident of the small Quebec town. Today he is a source of wonder in Montreal's largest hospital and his case has aroused international interest in the medical profession.

A week or two before Christmas, Swail was returning from a church service at Weir, Quebec, with friends. He was sitting in the center of the rear seat of the motor car. As they drove over the crest of a hill on the road a horse and buggy suddenly appeared immediately in front of them. Before either driver could avoid it, the car and buggy collided. The left shaft of the buggy struck the left rear door window of the car, smashed through the glass and struck Swail in the mouth, going through the back of his throat, coming out his neck and piercing the rear window of the car. Swail, still conscious, and in agony, was thus pinned to his seat, unable to move.

Sitting next to Swail in the rear seat of the car was the Methodist minister from the Weir church. He hastily summoned doctors from Arundel and, while waiting for them to come, talked soothingly to the victim. When the doctors arrived they were convinced that Swail had no chance for life and immediately began preparations to draw the shaft from the victim's mouth. The minister protested, saying that once the shaft were removed Swail would undoubtedly bleed to death. From a nearby house a saw was secured and the doctors then proceeded to saw the shaft both in front of Swail's face and behind his neck, enabling him to move about. He was then given a hypodermic to ease the pain, placed in an automobile and taken to Montreal to the hospital.

Swail was immediately rushed to the operating room where doctors undertook what they considered a hopeless task. Within an hour the shaft was removed, the wounds sewn up and Swail remained conscious. Even then doctors felt that he would live but a short time. He continued to recover, however, and after seven weeks in the hospital was able to leave for home.

Word of the strange case quickly spread about the hospital and doctors from all parts of the city visited the patient. The case was fully outlined to medical associations and to the medical school student body. Had the shaft entered the throat at any other point, even to a variance of a fraction of an inch, doctors state, it would have pierced the large artery in the neck or broken the spinal column. Sheer luck therefore saved the young man's life in the first place.

When You Feel A Draft That Isn't There

"I FEEL CHILLY."

"Oh, it's warm enough. I'll look at the thermometer—just as I thought; it's 70."

This dialogue goes on constantly in many households. The thermometer is the court of appeal and its verdict has to be accepted. And yet the one who "feels chilly" is not satisfied.

Science now at last understands why the thermometer is not a dependable standard of measure for everybody. Dr. T. Bedford, a research worker of the Industrial Health Research Board of England recently discovered that just as people who have been brought up in different climates may show a difference in "temperature sense" so too do many people brought up in the same climate also exhibit that difference. Room temperatures which are entirely agreeable to some people may be too hot, too cold, too drafty or too humid for others.

It is understandable why in a room heated to a temperature of 70° an Eskimo would find it very warm, an Englishman who favors a temperature of about 65° would find it a bit stuffy, an American might find it just about right and a Mexican might find it rather chilly. But why the temperature would not affect all the Englishmen or all of the Americans in a room the same way was a scientific mystery which Dr. Bedford set out to solve.

His investigations took him to twelve English factories in which he told the workers that he was trying "to define a comfort zone for persons doing sedentary or very light industrial work," and also "to test the reliability of the various single measures of the environment as indices of warmth comfort." He began his research work by asking everyone to send him "comfort votes" in which they would mention whether they felt the room was too hot, too cold, too humid or too drafty.

Cold feet was a complaint which appeared frequently among the votes turned in to Dr. Bedford. When he investigated this complaint in a room which was comfortably warm to many although uncomfortable to the com-

The Temperature of the Feet of the Employes Was Taken, and Was Found to Vary Hardly Any, Even Though Some of the Subjects Complained of Being Cold.

plainants, he could not discover any cold drafts or other external reason for the condition.

He then took the temperature of the skin of the feet of those who had complained and compared it with those who were not troubled by cold feet. He found that there was very little, if any difference in temperature between the two.

As a result he decided that the cold feet complaint was apparently due to a difference in the "temperature sense" so that the feet sufferers, in order to be kept comfortable would have to work in a warmer room than would be healthy or comfortable for the other workers.

Dr. Bedford next turned his attention to those who had complained about drafts on other parts of their bodies. In investigating these cases he discovered that actual drafts—or high air velocities—were not always present even when the workers complained that they were. He compared the skin temperature of those who had complained with those who had not and found that the complainants tended to have lower skin temperatures than the average person and probably on that account needed a warmer room for comfort.

Continuing his investigation, Dr. Bedford next checked those who felt too cold or too warm in a moderately heated room. Here too, he found that there was a difference in skin temperatures. Persons with low skin temperatures tended to feel cool and those whose skins were warm, tended to feel warm.

When Dr. Bedford investigated the effects of humidity upon the workers he made a discovery which surprised those familiar with the old saying: "It isn't the heat—it's the humidity." Dr. Bedford found that the change in humidity had only a small effect on the feeling of warmth, instead of a considerable effect as many have believed.

As a result of Dr. Bedford's findings, the thermometer, while it may accurately measure the degrees of heat and cold in a room cannot be used as a reliable measure of the degree of bodily comfort of the occupants, especially if they have varying "temperature sense."

The proper heating of a room, especially where the temperature may be controlled by mechanical means is often a subject of debate in offices and homes, wherever two or more people share the same room. How warm should that room be? Dr. Bedford found that Englishmen prefer a temperature somewhere between 62 and 68 degrees. Americans like it just a bit warmer—around 70. But if one of the occupants is subject to cold feet or has a low skin temperature, he probably will want to raise the temperature of the room.

The type of heating which is employed for the purpose also may have some bearing on bodily comfort. Dr. Bedford found that the greatest amount of comfort is present when the heat is evenly "spread" or distributed between the foot and the head level. When the temperature is higher at the floor level than at the head level, there may be a greater feeling of warmth although comfort may not be as great.

Irrespective of where the greater heat level may be, in the interest of both health and comfort, Dr. Bedford strongly recommends that in the arrangement of the heating and ventilating system, care should be taken that the occupants of the room are not exposed to direct air currents from the inlets.

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Astonishing Exploits of England's "Lady Bountiful"

Enormously Rich Lady Houston Put on Ragged Clothes, Went Out and Associated With Tramps and Beggars and Learned How to Tell a Worthy Case From an Impostor

"Lady Bountiful's" Bedroom in the Tree-tops, Where She Slept Both Summer and Winter, in Her Great English Estate.

It Was Lady Houston's Custom to Disguise Herself in the Poorest Clothes and Ancient Hat and Going Down to London's Parks, Sit Upon the Benches and Listen to the Stories of the "Down-and-Outs," Thus Getting First Hand Knowledge Concerning the Methods of Professional Beggars, Who Took Her For One of Themselves, to Thus Enable Her to Judge Which Were the Worthy Cases Upon Which to Expend Her Charity.

Lady Houston, England's Interesting Multimillionairess, Whose Eccentricities and Charities Created During Her Life So Much Discussion.

LONDON, Feb. 1.

ENGLAND'S "Lady Bountiful" is dead. Paupers, lounging in the public parks, often used to talk over their troubles with a frowsy old hag, never suspecting that she was Dame Fanny Lucy Lady Houston, whose picture they constantly saw in the papers, with furs, jewels, yachts and everything befitting a woman whose third husband had left her $15,000,000.

Lady Houston was as shrewd as she was eccentric and rich. She received constant appeals for help, sometimes as many as 1,000 in a day. At first she sent out secretaries and other investigators to look into the most appealing cases. But, used to doing things herself, she was not satisfied with this method of sifting the chaff from the wheat. She loathed being imposed upon, yet at the same time she did not pass up any worthy case.

So she determined to find out all about beggars, down-and-out people, professional mendicants and those who make a living by imposing upon the charitably inclined. Thus it was that she hit upon the scheme of dressing herself up in the most bedraggled old clothes, a repulsive-looking wig crowned by a bonnet that looked as if someone had been buried in it ten years before, cornpatch shoes, and a poverty-stricken-looking bundle. Thus disguised, she would wander down to the park benches and mingle with the outcasts and unfortunates as one of them.

And thus she learned the tricks and devices of the professionals and in certain cases that most greatly aroused her sympathy she was ever able to discover facts that her best-paid investigators probably could not have unearthed.

So equipped, she was able to deal intelligently herself with the appeals that came to her. In many of the letters she could detect at once the signs of dishonesty from the talks in the parks, while others conveyed to her plain evidence of sincerity in the light of this same knowledge.

For years she did this, and her disguise was so perfect, even to the dirty face and hands, some of those to whom she talked ever dreamed that they were listening to $40,000,000 talking.

These times she acquired the title of "Lady" by marriage, but that of "Dame Commander," equivalent to knighthood for a man, she won by her own efforts and ability. She added $15,000,000 to the fortune her last husband had left her.

Divorcing her first husband, Sir Theodore Brinckman, she married the Ninth Lord Byron, of the same line as the poet Byron, who was the Sixth. After his death Lady Byron married Sir Robert Patterson Houston, shipping magnate, and known as the "pirate king." It was his death ten years ago that pushed her into the national prominence she has held ever since.

Sir Robert loved her so dearly that on his deathbed he had himself moved, deathbed and all, from London to a specially chartered steamer which fought its way through a storm to the Channel Island of Jersey, in order that his expectant widow would not have to pay inheritance taxes on all that $35,000,000 he was leaving her after only two years of married life.

After he had died and a stone monument, with a suitable inscription, was erected over his grave, this strange woman brought a stone letterer into the cemetery and had him chisel in the following additional words:

"AND WHO DIED MOST MYSTERIOUSLY."

When she declined to explain to the Jersey authorities what she meant by that postscript, they had her declared mentally incompetent and appointed a curator to take charge of her huge fortune.

But very few people ever got the better of Lady Houston, and the Jersey authorities were not among them. At her own expense, a whole boatload of alienists arrived from London and publicly put her through sanity tests that she could have passed. The widow not only passed but dazzled everyone with the keenness and quickness of her mind. There was nothing for the court to do but reverse itself.

However, there remained a battle with the English tax collectors as to whether or not they would lose almost half $35,000,000. When Jersey and other Channel Islands were acquired by England, it was part of the deal that England was never to take any taxes out of the island. That covenant had not been tested in these modern times of promise-repudiations because never before had there been a big enough plum involved. There was also some possible doubt as to whether the deceased had been a bona fide resident of Jersey at the time of his death.

The widow engaged the best legal talent in the realm, and at the first hearing she seemed to score decisive victories on all important points. Everyone agreed that it looked as if the government hadn't a legal leg to stand on. Then to the dismay of her lawyers and acting, according to her own explanation, on a sudden impulse, she offered the government $7,500,000, without admitting any liability and merely "as an act of grace."

"Now we know she's crazy," said most everyone as the government quickly snapped up her offer. A year or so later certain technical weaknesses were discovered in her case which indicated that probably she might have been forced to pay about twice the sum for which she had settled. There was not only a method usually in her madness but a handsome profit.

Lady Houston, however, had become known as "Lady Bountiful" because she was one of the most patriotic and charitable women who ever lived, which made it seem strange that she would wish to beat her country out of an inheritance tax, much of which would have been used for the poor. Her answer was:

"Because most government charity is idiotic money thrown away. Instead of helping people it makes them permanently unemployable."

She was in the thick of almost every big political fight and one of the first militant suffragettes whose campaign finally won votes for English women.

Years ago, when the matter was being agitated in England, with women chaining themselves to the gates of the House of Parliament, she bought 615 parrots. She had all of these trained to cry, "Votes for women."

When this chorus was perfected she sent a parrot to each Member of Parliament, and to the foremost opponents of suffrage. The amazement of the receivers of these gifts when they were greeted by squawks of "Votes for women!" can be better imagined than described.

Some of the parrots had their necks wrung, but many found their way to pet stores. This pleased Lady Houston just as much, because no matter where they were they kept squawking the slogan of "Votes for women," to which they had been so patiently trained.

Her rather vitriolic attacks on prime ministers and other public makers would not be treated with silent contempt, because she had a large following. Lady Houston owned, published, edited and wrote most of the editorial comment of a weekly magazine, The Saturday Review. Sometimes she used other means of expression.

She had a strong hatred for Stanley Baldwin and Ramsay MacDonald, the former Premier. Among her possessions was the yacht "Liberty" that had once belonged to the late Joseph Pulitzer, the American newspaper publisher. In the campaign of 1931 when she thought Mr. MacDonald needed more severe spankings than she could give him in her magazine, she had an enormous electric light sign swung between the masts of the yacht, bearing sentiments like the following:

"Down With MacDonald the Traitor!"

Then she steamed around the Thames and other places.

Being compelled to remove the sign, she hired 50 women at $25 a week, she dressed them in red, white and blue and marched them singly and in couples through the streets carrying banners which shouted that both Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin were "liars and traitors."

Finally Her Ladyship's attacks became so sharp that Mr. MacDonald sent word that unless she was more careful he might sue her for libel. Her answer was to invite him to go ahead, in such public messages as these:

"When are you going to sue me?"

"You know I have lots money. Why don't you sue?"

But finally she grew tired of this and went back to her charities.

The crew of the "Liberty" didn't have an easy time of it. She paid the best wages, but one of her whims was to ration the boat for only a day at a time. This caused much distress to the captain and crew when, as often happened, she would order the yacht to sea immediately. Many times the yacht had to return to port without a scrap of food and as for liquor or smoking, these were strictly prohibited.

None dared gainsay her wishes on board. She was a fanatical believer in fresh air and the simple life. On her yacht, she carried her theories so far as strolling naked around the decks each morning, while officers and men kept discreetly below decks.

At her home she had a bedroom built in the tree-tops and slept in it every night she was there, Winter or Summer.

Until a year or two ago she never missed an ice-cold bath every morning. Latterly, she conceived the idea that she might be poisoned and always had five empty glasses set before her at meals. She would select one, then carefully clean it herself.

On her yacht was a splendid gymnasium, but nobody was ever allowed to use it.

She would tolerate no late diners. Those who came late were out of luck—they were sent right away again.

She began the day with a set of small charities. Reading through the morning paper, the Dame would dictate a letter and send a small check to anyone who, in her opinion, had done a good British deed. A woman, seeing a burglar at her window and having no better weapon at hand, punched him in the jaw so hard that he fell two stories and almost broke his back.

"One of the bulldog breed!" wrote Lady Houston, and sent the hard-hitting woman $25. In 1935, during the King's Jubilee, Maud Mason, a twelve-year-old Manchester school girl was told to write an essay on "My Native Land," and turned out the following:

"We are very proud of England. We are proud of the King and Queen which we have. The people of England ought to be very proud they are English. England is only a small country, but it is better than any other country because it has a good King and Queen to reign over it."

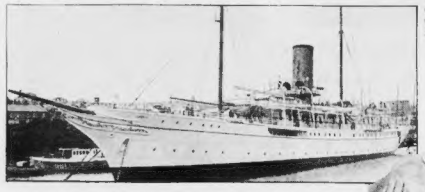
An officious young school inspector chose to scold the school teacher for inspiring "the old-fashioned imperialism" shown in the little essay. Lady Houston heard of the reproof and let all England know. It raised such a storm that the matter was discussed in the House of Commons.

When the storm subsided most people forgot patriotic little Maud, except "Lady Bountiful," who found out what the girl's ambition was and made it possible of fulfillment. She was apprenticed to a dressmaker and a fund established to support her until she would be able to support herself. The public heard of very few of these innumerable small benefactions. It was her big national ones that won her the popular title of "Lady Bountiful."

The most famous, though not the biggest, was in 1931 when Britain decided not to enter the Schneider Aviation Trophy Contest because the government could not afford the necessary $500,000 it would cost. From all sides came criticism of such parsimoniousness, but Lady Houston did better, offering to put up the money herself. Amid a nation's acclaim it was accepted, but with the condition that she must put up a banker's guarantee of the full amount. She did with this comment:

"This is the sort of insult only a Labor Government could be guilty of."

It seems that she was so busy giving money away that she forgot to make a will bequeathing what is left.



Lady Houston's Yacht "Liberty," Formerly the Property of the Late Joseph Pulitzer, Which on Occasion She Would Decorate With Electric Signs, Expressing Her Disapproval of Various Politicians.

Maud Mason, Little English Schoolgirl and One Example of the Thousands of Lady Houston's Peculiar Charities.

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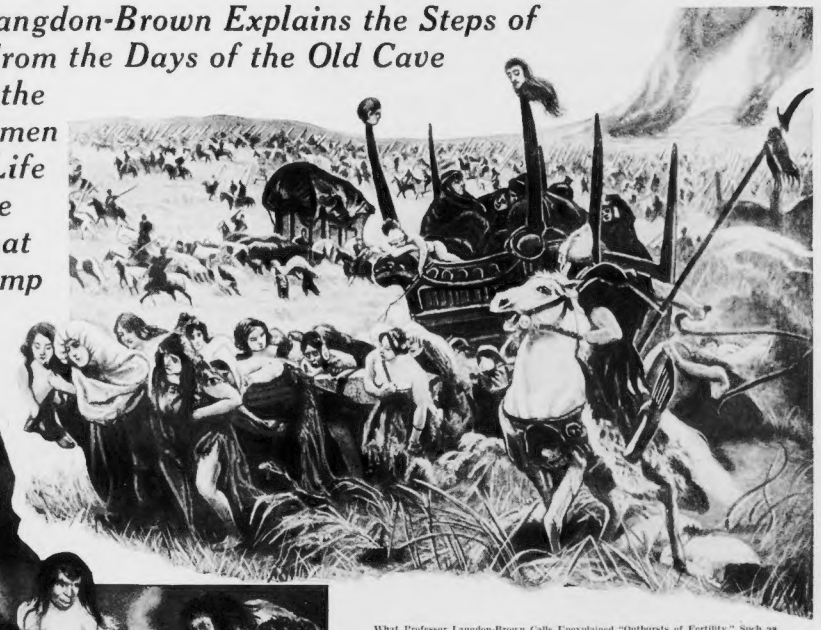
How Civilization Developed From Our Savage Ancestors

The Hawaiian God Who Looks After Taboo, One of the Earliest Devices of Savages to Enforce Laws While Developing a More Complex Form of Government.

Professor Langdon-Brown Explains the Steps of Progress From the Days of the Old Cave Dwellers to the Men and Women of Modern Life ---And the Danger That We Will Slump Back Into Barbarism



What Professor Langdon-Brown Calls Unexplained "Outbursts of Fertility," Such as Those Which Inundated Europe in the Early Centuries With Hordes Like Those of the Huns Pictured Above, Which Seem to Be Periodic and Almost Always Destroy the Civilizations They Overwhelm, Producing a Period of Barbarism Until a New Form of Civilization Arises. From the Painting by O. D. V. Guillonnet.

The Dim Beginnings of Civilization, the Family Group of the Cave Age, Which Later Developed Into the Tribe, and Finally Into the Nation. From a Museum Representation in Wax.

TO SAVE civilization, every man, woman and child in the world must unite, like the billions of cells within the body, into the equivalent of one monster creature.

Such is the opinion of Sir Walter Langdon-Brown, M. D., Doctor of Science and Professor Emeritus at Cambridge University, one of England's foremost medical authorities as set forth in a recent article in the London Lancet.

Looking up from his microscope where he sees the history of evolution written in the tiny cells of the body, and from history where he sees individuals of the human race, following the same course, the distinguished British scientist now turns his eyes into the future. There he finds the road of evolution straight and unmistakable, but an extremely difficult one. The question is—can man endure the limitation of individual liberty necessary to climb that long hill or will he stall and roll back into barbarism?

The new civilization would not be the Communism of Red Russia, however, nor the civilization of the social insects, such as the bees and ants. It would be a civilization which would give scope for individual development, and yet allow the individual to fit into his place as a part of a much larger whole; a stage in human progress which Prof. Langdon-Brown describes as one "not yet reached by any society, but recognized by an increasing number of persons—a stage in which the members of the group consciously cooperate for the common good."

Professor Langdon-Brown then briefly traces the long highway of evolution over which man has led the procession from a one-celled thing to what he is today. The first forms of life were the simplest possible. They simply absorbed food wherever it touched them, grew big, divided in the middle and each half went its way, a new cell, of which the world is still full. But some failed to separate, remaining glued together like Siamese twins, which in turn became quadruplets, octuplets, etc., growing ever bigger. Evolution was at work leading this slowly-growing creature along a path, that, in spite of many detours, is always in the direction of greater complexity.

Every creature seems to have gone as far as it could along that path and then stopped as if something in them had run down. It is not as if they had run out of fuel, because many went too far and became extinct. What stopped them?

Professor Langdon-Brown says he believes that it is mostly means of communication. "A microscopic group of only a few cells, glued together, needs no communication better than the pull or push of the next cell in its efforts to move toward food or away from danger.

But when a sizable creature, composed of thousands or millions of cells had been built up, that was not enough, because cooperation had become too complicated. Already there was division of labor, some cells specializing in propelling the group, others in digesting food which now had to enter through just one hole, the primitive mouth.

If the propulsion cells did not cooperate just right, the mouth would not be pushed against the food and the little community would die. This called not only for some means of communication between the cells, but for some master director. Then was evolved the beginnings of the nervous system and a boss ganglion which grew into the master bureaucracy of the human brain with its billions of cells.

Now that a communication system had appeared, there seemed at first no end to its possibilities. Nerve cables developed into eyes, ears and other senses and the bigger the animals, the more successful. But this growth came to its end in the age of the monster lizards. The huge dinosaurs had become too big for their nervous systems. The nations of cells that made up the dinosaur's body couldn't communicate with each other fast enough. The dinosaurs started to develop a second brain in their tails to remedy the situation, but died before they could do it.

Turning from biology to history Professor Langdon-Brown finds that not only man but most of the animals have repeated the development of their own cells as far as they could, forming themselves into groups of individuals of various sizes. The majority were able to take the first steps, the family, consisting of the father, mother and children.

This little organization required only the simplest means of communication. While the members were in sight it was easy to cooperate. When out of sight, but within hearing, a roar, a scream of terror or a squeal of delight were good enough signals to tell whether to converge to attack, or share in food or to scatter in flight.

The gregarious animals, such as the buffalo managed to form huge but loosely-organized herds on hardly better communications but they did not know what to do against a horseback rider with a gun. Others, like the bees and the ants, have made quite a start on the road, but reached their limits and stopped. Man has been able far to outdistance them because he has been able to keep improving his means of communication.

Man is an animal that invents ideas and tools. Other animals have ideas, or the equivalent, but they have to grow their tools, like the bird's wing and the firefly's light. With man tools grow first. For thousands of years he dreamed about flying before the gas engine and the machine shop made it a reality.

Man's savage ancestry must have passed beyond the family development into the form of what might be called the small tribal group, long before the invention of speech. But a real, highly-organized tribe, with a division of labor among its members, was impossible before speech was invented.

However, as far as sizes of these tribes was concerned, it had sharp limitations. Even among the Greeks it was considered that a state should not be too big to permit all its able-bodied fighters to assemble within range of one man's voice. Nevertheless, under savagery they did manage to grow beyond the Greek ideal of size by the invention of the taboo. Professor Langdon-Brown says:

"There are three stages in the evolution of human society; to the first the name of co-consciousness has been applied, or as Aldrich calls it, 'a collective conscious morality inherent in the laws of life, so far as as they can be appreciated.' At this stage man is bound with a hypnotic completeness to every taboo. If he breaks a taboo he may even die, apparently from the sense of sin and isolation he experiences, as a bee dies when separated from the swarm.

"In the second stage an individual may emerge as the witch doctor, the magician. He knows he is different from the herd, adopts an impressive role.

"But he is soon conscious not only that he is alone and can never go back, but that there is enmity between him and the tribe which only scares him because it fears him. He evolves into the priest-king, surrounded by elaborate taboos, little better than a pestered mystagogue, and the result of the tribe's jealousy of the different and superior individual. To preserve his divine superiority in many parts of the world it was customary to put him to death while still in his full vigor.

"The king at this stage, in his attempts to outwit the tribe, realizes that what they want is physical plenty, so he leads them out to conquest. This is the heroic age of the movements of people and comes to an end with their resettlement."

Professor Langdon-Brown points out that the struggle between the kingly and priestly aspects of the ruler were the cause of the conflicts between Pope and Emperor during the middle ages and that it was why at the death of Akhaton, the modernist Pharaoh of Egypt, the old priesthood placed the worshipful Tutankhamen on the throne. He sees it as the underlying motive of much Old Testament history.

Moses succeeded by the victorious fighting general Joshua, Samuel successfully advancing certain claims of the priest against the crown, hewing Agag to pieces against Saul's wishes and finally placing on the throne the usurper David.

But an individualist king surrounded by individualist priests and executives, inspires an ever increasing crop of lower individualists. It has been asserted that nations do not decay, but are destroyed from within by the explosive force of too many individualists. The spread of individualism from the priest-king downward into the masses is reflected in the history of religions.

At first, as in Egypt, only the king was divine, and therefore lived after death with the gods. Soon some of his most powerful nobles and generals had to be let in on this exclusive privilege and they, in turn, fixed it up for their vassals. The democratization of heaven went on until at last everyone got there if he would obey the laws and pay a few reasonable fees. This seems to be the last stage before disintegration of a nation.

A struggle for world-power, such as Russia's efforts to make all the world communistic, Japan's efforts to gain control of Asia, Germany and Italy's efforts to strengthen fascism, creates conditions under which a new religion arises, and is a sign of degeneration.

Or, as Langdon-Brown puts it:

"In Germany the old gods of Valhalla are being decorated with the armor of knighthood, just as during the war the wooden image of Hindenburg was erected as a totem into which nails were symbolically driven. The anti-religious attitude of Russia is upheld with a fanatical and intensely religious fervor, and all over Europe fascism and communism are fiercely competing religions."

He further remarks that in the changing conditions since the World War, "no ideal has suffered so severely as that of liberty. The segregating impulse has for the moment the upper hand; in three-fourths of Europe liberty is now regarded as a curse, tyranny as a way of salvation."

And sometimes an as yet not thoroughly understood thing happens to menace and usually to destroy dominant civilizations of the time. "Outbursts of fertility" occur to the human race in various sections of the earth. There is a tremendous increase in the birth rate, and the hordes are forced to invade other lands for food. Such was the "outburst of fertility in northeastern Europe in the earlier centuries A. D., which swept aside all barriers, inundated the Roman Empire and dissolved it into fragments."

In the new civilization Prof. Langdon-Brown visualizes such excessive increase in population could not occur, since the number of births would be scientifically regulated.

But to get back to the vital question of communications, which Professor Langdon-Brown thinks has brought humanity to a crisis. Alexander overran the world, but his mushroom empire went to pieces after his death for lack of communication between the far-flung boundaries. Rome, following cautiously in his steps, built roads and endured danger but fell for the same reason, because its communications were not good enough to stand in time of adversity. Yet England has maintained a bigger empire, built on fast sailing ships, reinforced later by cables.

The news of the battle of Waterloo came to England by horse-courier. Up to that time communications were hardly better than those of the American Indian, who shot flaming arrows from mountain tops at night and made smoke signals by day with a fire and a wet blanket.

Long before this men had been worrying themselves and each other about how to form a cooperating single community of the entire human race but it was as impossible as flying was then. It was spread in books, periodicals and newspapers. With the aid of telegraph, cable and telephone it became possible to communicate with unheard of speed over great distances. All these things together could put a proclamation by a ruler before a majority of his subjects within twenty-four hours.

This was not fast or far enough to get the entire human race to cooperate on anything with the promptness of a person whose eyes tell him that an automobile is about to run him down. To make such a world-wide organism of the human race practical, Professor Langdon-Brown sets forth, required something far more universal, but now it is here, in the radio.

The radio will send a signal from London to Shanghai quicker than the brain of a man can send a signal to his big toe. But while the one wide-world union is now at last physically possible, whether man can stand the strain of its weight is another matter.

To go back to the tabu stage, or cooperating almost unconsciously, like bees and termites, is no longer feasible.

To cooperate consciously, means voluntarily surrendering the individualistic liberties and desires of a thousand generations.

Sir Langdon-Brown ends his paper thus:

"But although human beings in a community are the equivalent of the cells in an organism, they have achieved self-consciousness and individuality. If, therefore, the repressing force upon their originating and creative powers is strong enough these powers will die and degeneration will follow. Laissez-faire (indifference) would lead to disintegration, and autocracy to mental and moral slavery.

"The solution can only be found by a method which gives adequate freedom to the individual life within a larger coordinated unit.

"Can we achieve it? Perhaps we are neither wise enough nor good enough. It is no more reasonable to blame the present epoch for its savage and infantile psychology than it would be to blame the brontosaurus for its tiny brain. Has this civilization to go back to the melting-pot like its predecessors? If so, another will rise in its place. Of that we may be sure, though it is little consolation to us or to our children."

Communism, Professor Langdon-Brown Points Out, Has Made a Religion of Anti-Religion, and the Photograph Shows Russian Reds Looting a Church During a Drive Against Christianity.

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Weird Mystery of the Chinese Governor's Dope-Smuggling Daughter

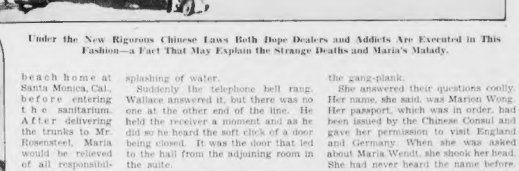
Caught With a Quarter-Million Dollars Worth of Drugs, Persuades the U. S. Authorities She Is Innocent, Escapes, Is Caught and Starts to Die of an Unknown Disease, While Two Associates Die Even More Strangely, One by Swallowing the Diabolical "Bamboo Thread"

Six Steps in the Mystery.
1—The Alert Customs Agent Finds the Dope in a Secret Chamber of the Trunk, but the Girl Persuades the Officials She Is Innocent. 2—She Escapes by a Cunning Ruse From the Hotel Where She Has Been Placed as Bait to Trap the Leaders of the Smuggling Ring. 3—After Mysteriously Disappearing in New York, She Is Arrested as She Tries to Sail to Paris. 4—And Then the Respected Doctor in Peiping, Who She Said Had Given Her the Dope-filled Trunk, Is Found Dead of the "Bamboo Thread" in a Chinese Cemetery. 4—While Nastali Loffenholz Brandstattler, Accused of Complicity in the Plot, Is Found Hanged in His Steamer Cabin. 6—And the Girl Herself, Dying of a Mysterious Disease Contracted After Her Arrest, Is Wheeled Into Court, Sentenced to 20 Years, but Sent Back to China to Die.

The Trunk That Held the Quarter-Million-Dollar Cargo of Heroin. Tom Wallace, U. S. Customs Guard, Pointing at the Secret Compartment.

Maria Wendt, as She Was Wheeled Into Court, Paralyzed by the Unknown Disease or Poison, to Hear Her Sentence.

Nastali Loffenholz Brandstattler, Found Hanged, but Whether by Himself or by Someone Else Is Not Known.



Under the New Rigorous Chinese Laws Both Dope Dealers and Addicts Are Executed in This Fashion—a Fact That May Explain the Strange Deaths and Maria's Malady.

APPARENTLY wasting to death from a disease which the doctors of Los Angeles could not even diagnose, Maria Wendt, the young and, until a few months before, attractively demure daughter of a Chinese Governor-General of Tibet, was convicted of smuggling more than $200,000 worth of the drug heroin into the United States.

Judge, jury, prosecution and the agents of the U. S. Narcotic Bureau knew what she had done, but was she being murdered by her bosses in the drug ring, committing slow suicide or making herself that way to get the jury's sympathy?

They do not know. But that is only a small part of the uncanny, Oriental mystery surrounding the case and making one of the weirdest in the records of the Bureau. In all the world there is just one thing which the wiliest Asiatic has no hope of outplotting—Fate. And last Fall, Fate stood on the pier at San Pedro, California, in the uniform of Tom Wallace, U. S. Customs Guard, inspecting baggage of the big Japanese liner Heiyo Maru. Sizzling his mark of O. K. on a trunk, he turned to size up his next passenger in order to decide how thorough a search he ought to give. His eyes told him that he would be wasting Uncle Sam's time poking into this one's baggage at all.

Wallace beheld a modestly but expensively dressed young girl, with satiny complexion, a sensitive mouth and great black eyes, slightly aslant, that looked right into his with frank and somewhat timid innocence. When she addressed him in cultured voice and flawless English, Wallace said to himself:

"Nice, high-class, half-breed Chinese girl, pretty, innocent as a dove and very sensitive. Hope nobody over here does anything to make her hate the country."

With this gallant thought in his mind, he proceeded to do about the cruelest thing that anyone could have done to her. Sure that this demure Eurasian maiden would not smuggle so much as a piece of candy, he nevertheless opened her trunk to go through a few perfunctory motions of inspection.

That is where Fate was mean. Wallace happens to have one of those microscope eyes that can tell at a fraction of an inch how long a table or plank is. That eye told him that the outside of the trunk was too big for the inside, perhaps half an inch all around a big trunk. Still not suspecting but only to see if his eye was right, he opened a penknife and pushed the blade into the inner side at random. He might have done this at a hundred other places with no result, but Fate guided him so that he punctured the bottom of a silk bag and about half a teacupful of white powder poured out.

"Oh, what do you suppose that is?"

Wallace looked up into the big wondering eyes of the speaker and again decided that she was not wrong. But her trunk certainly was and he sent for his superiors.

That and her other trunk yielded 102 one-pound bags of heroin, worth about a quarter of a million dollars.

They had to explain to the demure Marie that it was a vicious drug used by American gangsters to pep themselves up for murder and kidnaping.

An American crook, caught with the goods, says nothing until he has seen a lawyer, but Maria, like the demure, innocent girl she seemed, rattled off the story of her life, never contradicting herself, no matter how often she repeated it and at least 90% of it was true. She was the daughter of the distinguished Mr. Weng Sung Yao, a former Chinese Governor-General of Tibet. She had moved in the highest social circles of Shanghai, also spoke five languages, had been educated in England and Germany where she specialized in nursing, medical laboratory work and art.

As for these trunks, they contained, she said, the personal effects of a woman invalid who was being sent from Shanghai to a sanitarium in Los Angeles by Dr. Albert Stey, a close personal friend of her parents, a former chief inspector of one of Shanghai's largest hospitals and prominent in social and civic matters. Dr. Stey had arranged for the girl to take charge of his patient and get her into a sanitarium, for which she was to have all her expenses paid and $400 for her services.

But a few minutes before the boat left, Dr. Stey had dashed up to the wharf and told her that the invalid was unable to sail on the Heiyo Maru and would follow on a later boat. However, a friend of the invalid in Los Angeles, a Mr. Rosensteel, would be notified by cable and he would call on Miss Wendt at the Rosslyn Hotel in Los Angeles, identify himself and claim the two trunks.

She added that the invalid was to be a guest for a few days at Rosensteel's beach home at Santa Monica, Cal., before entering the sanitarium. After delivering the trunks to Mr. Rosensteel, Maria would be relieved of all responsibility, and another person, a nurse, would be engaged by Dr. Stey in Shanghai to accompany the invalid to Los Angeles.

So straightforward was Maria's story, and so evident seemed her desire to help the U. S. Customs agents bring the real culprits to justice that they were impressed. When they suggested she might help them trap Rosensteel she immediately agreed.

So Maria was told to register at the Rosslyn Hotel just as Dr. Stey had planned. A suite of rooms were engaged on the second floor of the hotel and two operators placed on guard. Rosensteel was to be arrested when he called for the trunks. In the meantime Maria was to be watched constantly. During the day Wallace was to be on guard and at night Miss Irene Woodward, a capable Federal agent, was to sleep in the same room with her.

For three days the Federal agents waited, but nothing happened. Then on the evening of the third day, Miss Woodward left the suite to go for dinner and Wallace took charge. It was a hot evening and Maria said that she was going to take a bath. She gave Wallace a friendly smile as she entered the bathroom and a few seconds later, from the other room, he heard the splashing of water.

Suddenly the telephone bell rang. Wallace answered it, but there was no one at the other end of the line. He held the receiver a moment and as he did so he heard the soft click of a door being closed. It was the door that led to the hall from the adjoining room in the suite.

Suspicious, Wallace rushed to the bathroom. Maria was not in it. Nor was she in her bedroom. Then he saw that her overnight bag was missing and that the other telephone was off its hook. He realized that it had been the demure Maria who had called him to the telephone to divert his attention. As for that charming girl herself, she had disappeared. A police guard was thrown around the hotel and all rooms were searched but nobody found Maria.

It was Wallace who had caught her and a neat touch of Oriental vengeance that it should be Wallace who lost her. The real reason, of course, was that he believed in her innocence and, being a man, could not very well watch through the bathroom door to see if she was really in the tub.

When the Federal sleuths picked up her trail, they learned she had dashed out of the hotel, hailed a passing taxi, gone to the Glendale airport and taken the next plane for New York, under an assumed name. Agents tried to meet the plane at Newark, but she beat them out by half an hour and vanished among New York City's millions. By this time the agents realized what clever brains were pitted against them. In that dash from the hotel, someone had thrust a large sum of money into her hands and told her how to cross a strange continent, outwitting the Government's trained experts.

For two weeks they watched and hunted without a clue and then, just as the S. S. Deutschland was leaving New York City, they saw a slim, young woman, wearing sun-glasses, ascend the gang-plank.

She answered their questions coolly. Her name, she said, was Marion Wong. Her passport, which was in order, had been issued by the Chinese Consul and gave her permission to visit England and Germany. When she was asked about Maria Wendt, she shook her head. She had never heard the name before. And she continued to maintain that she was Marion Wong even when she was placed on an airplane for Los Angeles.

As for the Chinese Consul, investigation disclosed that Maria had convinced him that she was entitled to a passport because she was the wife of an American-born Chinese. Her demureness and refinement had made it possible for her to get quick action.

Meanwhile, in Los Angeles, a Grand Jury had indicted her, charging her with two counts of smuggling. United States Attorney Pierson M. Hall had signed the complaint.

And now things began to happen in ways logical according to the Oriental mind, but how some of them were done is far beyond the understanding of any white person connected with the case. Maria's father cabled a large sum of money for her defense but he was unable to come to the trial. Also someone put into the girl's system the germs or poison that caused her to be slowly paralyzed with an ailment of the spine which no white doctor could understand at all.

The Narcotic Bureau was hardly surprised that Nastali Loffenholz Brandstattler, the man who was supposed to meet Maria had disappeared. They located that suave, smooth-spoken Austrian in Havana and had him extradited. He laughed at their charges that he was in the drug traffic, but the morning the S. S. Oriente was to land in New York, he was found dead, hanged by his belt in his stateroom. There is some doubt whether it was voluntary suicide or whether someone strangled him with that belt and suspended him afterward.

The dictators of the dope ring saw that Fate was against this man and did not want him to go to trial. Whether they persuaded him that death was desirable or forced it on him will never be known. The authorities closed his case with the word "Dead" but, like those in many parts of the world they were deeply interested in this Dr. Stey of Shanghai who had staged the show from that end and was able to get a Governor's daughter involved. He must be an important personage, high enough up in the traffic, no doubt, to "put the finger" on one of the really big men.

A short time after Brandstattler's death came word from Shanghai that Stey, too, was beyond talking. The prominent man was found stretched in death on a gravestone in a Chinese cemetery. There were no marks of violence on the outside of the body but his face was convulsed in agony.

An autopsy revealed that death had been caused by the "bamboo thread," a well-known method of murder in China. A sliver of bamboo is rolled up and tied by a thread and placed in the victim's food. If he swallows it, the thread dissolves in his intestines, permitting the sliver to straighten out and penetrate them, causing such a slow and agonizing death that nobody dreams of using it for suicide.

Surely Stey, a doctor, who had access to all the easier poisons, would have been the last to take this method. But, supposing it was slipped into his food, why didn't he complain or go to a hospital for an operation which might have saved him? If he thought himself doomed, or that he might as well die anyway, why didn't he ease his way out with an overdose of morphine? Above all why did he pick the cold slab of a Chinese grave for his death bed and how did he get there?

There is doubtless a logical explanation for all these things, but probably only an Oriental would understand, if it were told to him.

It looked as if they were going to lose Maria, too, as her weight dropped from 122 to 89 pounds. Twice the trial had to be postponed but she insisted on going ahead with it. From a wheel chair beside the jury box she retold that same story in the same cultured though wavering voice, and focussing those great dark eyes on each juryman in turn. She made an excellent witness for herself but not enough to outweigh the mountain of evidence against her.

It took the jury only fifteen minutes to return a verdict of guilty. Federal Judge Albert Lee Stephens sentenced the girl to 20 years in Federal Prison but granted a 20-day stay of execution to permit her to be deported as an undesirable alien. The judge explained that it was difficult to sentence Maria because she is suffering from a mysterious and incurable disease.

"What difference does it make?" said Miss Wendt. "There is little left of me now but bones and the bones of every Chinese go back to China."

And there, also, the explanation of those weird deaths will be buried as securely.

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..one of the first pleasures of 1937

— first *for Mildness*
— first *for Better Taste*

Enjoy **Chesterfield** *for the good things smoking can give you*

Testing Lovers to Find Out If They'll Be Good Husbands

Startling New Matrimonial Detective Agency With Ten Skilled and Lovely Sleuths to Try Out What a Man's Behavior Is Likely to Be After Marriage

Sonia Nyshot, One of the Bachelors Wives Who Soon Prompted Eugenia Sothoron to Open Her Odd Love Detective Bureau

Divorce Statistics Show That the Most Dangerous Moment of the Day for Married Life Is at the Breakfast Table. And This Is Still the One Situation Too Intimate for Miss Sothoron to Master With Her Attractive Sleuths

Eugenia Sothoron at Her Desk Instructing One of Her Girl Detectives Concerning a Case. Her Aides Are Picked for Their Good Looks, Sophistication, Acting Ability and Common Sense

"Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha! Pardon the laughter! That ordinary information bureau is satisfactory the matrimonial candidate

It is real nice if he simply bursts into good natured laughter and calls

Constantine Manos, Who Married 80 Women and Whose Exposure Brought About the Sothoron Bureau

Miss Inez Stinson, Who Caused the Arrest of Manos, the Bluebeard Bigamist, and Is Further in the News Because Now Wants Him Under Her Husband

tude when they happen to witness an arrest and again by noting what sort

plenty of time to think of all his wives and all his sins.

The BIGGEST

VALUE OF DESSERT GOODNESS IN AMERICA

You'll realize the enticing flavor, the food value, the delicious goodness you can buy when you enjoy KRE-MEL Dessert for the first time.

KRE-MEL is America's most popular dessert . . . served in millionaires' mansions as well as in modest homes. It has taste appeal, eats appeal and health appeal. It takes five minutes to make. It comes in four tempting flavors. Each package serves four people. It's important to remember that Kre-Mel is

Rich in Dextrose!

Dextrose is a sugar which is so important to the energy of your body that doctors call Dextrose "muscle" sugar. It is the "fuel" of the body . . . which provides material for energy and . . . [illegible]

Do you see why when you enjoy Kre-Mel you provide your body with a vital element for energy . . . Dextrose . . . that's why Kre-Mel is so different . . . so much better for you and your family.

4 DELICIOUS FLAVORS

Chocolate · Vanillin
Caramel · Lemon (pie filling)

"Yes Man" Decides to Say "No!" by Edwin Rutt

And Finds It Works Equally Well With Cupid and an Advertising Campaign. Complete in This Issue.

Miss Sandra Steele Clinging to Pliny Potter, Who Was Likewise Clinging to Miss Sandra Steele Was Photographed, Background by Hot Dogs.

Woman He Commanded Loudly and Authoritatively, "Say 'I Love You'"

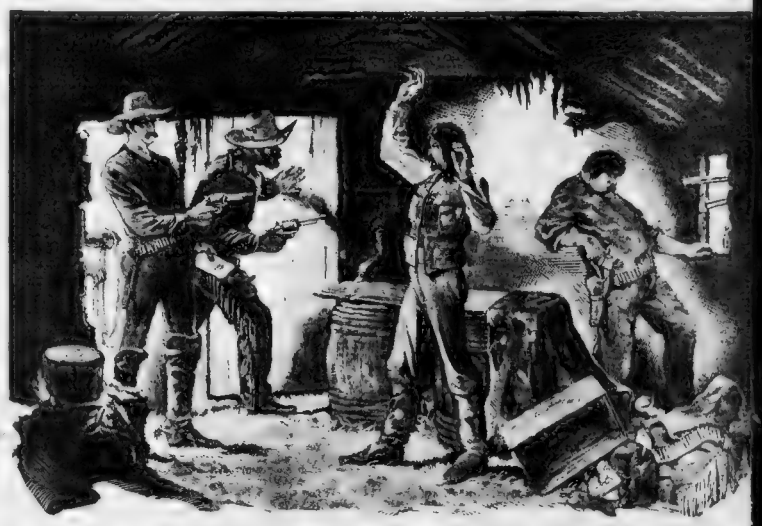
(Continued on Page 13)

A Rather Illiterate but Very Plain Warning to Cattle Thieves Posted on a Ranch in New Mexico Recently. From the Photo Shop, Phoenix, Arizona.

B "ARIZONA BILL," D

Adventures of the Last of the Famous Fro

A



Capture of Horse Thieves by a Sheriff's Posse. Contemporaneous Print from Culver Service.

CHAPTER X

By ARIZONA BILL (Raymond H. Gardner)

Continued from Last Sunday

T

Cowboy All Set for the Reception of Cattle Rustlers.

The Lynching of George R. Witherill, Sheep Thief and Murderer. From Sketch Made at Canyon City, Colorado, by a Local Artist.

Three Horse Thieves Strung Up at a "Neckt Party" at Laramie, Wyoming

H

quick on the trigger and from the time when Billy T

P OWW

...iersmen, Who Was Cowboy, Indian Fighter, Scout, Pony Express Rider, Deputy Marshal, Arizona Ranger, and Knew All the Notorious Two-Gun Badmen and the Quick-Shooting, Fearless Sheriffs of the Wide-Open Mining Towns

Rough Treatment of an Indian Horse Thief by Cowboys. From Old Drawing in the T. F. Healy Collection.

Cowboy, Dismounted, Standing Alongside His Horse, Hidden Behind a Tree on the Lookout for Cattle Rustlers.

Mrs. Annabel Lee Gatlin, a Woman Evangelist, Whose Husband Confessed He Was a Cattle Thief. Mrs. Gatlin Was Also Arrested for Rustling Cattle and Managed to Keep Out of Prison by Pleading Insanity, So They Locked Her Up in the Texas State Insane Asylum.

...ribou were ... find the ... cattle. ... country ... and run-... rustlers ...

I remember well ... out. We camped ... Castle ... Beaver ... miles from ... knew ... water ... section ... just ... trail ... were ... often ...

We camped ... plenty ... was ... sparkling ... rocks so ... well as ... for and we ... 'em out. While ... plans the sheriff ... Fred Hawkins ... dismounted. ... deputies with ... Indian trailers.

Now everyone ... tention of these ... certain that ... on the trail of ... off for ... always ...

I told the sheriff ... was there. ... him and his ... ceded that ... ride into the ... stronghold ... there we'd ... Beaver Canyon. ... cautious about the rustlers' ... Clear Creek country. ... down Beaver Creek and to ... have an outlet for the ... Old Mexico.

We called the confab off for the night and turned in after our trip over rough country. As we were sitting down to breakfast a boy rider from the X W ranch rode in and said they were rounding cattle over in the Palo Alto Mesa country right then. They had left a crew with the stock there and had ridden all night to get us.

We didn't stop to eat any more. We were a tired crew when called for. We were tired and hungry, but I knew we couldn't stand to see a bunch of rustlers get away with it.

It took the X W outfit ... hours hard riding ... end of the ... They were ... around cautiously, picked up ... started out toward the Verde River. Here I picked up more tracks and ... they were headed across to the Moggollon Rim country. I reckoned there was a good chance to overtake those rustlers.

I rode about a half hour and ... up to my first rustler. The varmint ... down and was branding ... her calf for fresh meat. Seeing red I ... from my horse, grabbed my rifle, and ... up his hands. He knew the ... fast upon him. As he started ... rope whined and a loop ... his throat. I turned ... saw it was from one ... had ridden down on us.

The Indian dragged his ... swamp ... branches. ... up ... gang and ... life. That ...

(Continued on Page 22)

"Yes Man" Decides to Say "No!"

And Finds It Works Equally Well With Cupid and an Advertising Campaign.

By Edwin Rutt

Continued from Page 15

"N

He gets you Up!
AND DOESN'T LET YOU DOWN

Big Ben's 3 Exclusive Features Assure Reliable Awakening, Correct Time-keeping, Longer Service at Low Cost

WESTCLOX

Makers of BIG BEN and his family of clocks and watches for ... $1.95 to $8.95

WESTCLOX ELECTRICS ARE AS RELIABLE AS BIG BEN AND AS REASONABLY PRICED

Mercolized Wax

KEEPS YOUR SKIN YOUNG

Use Sazolite Astringent

Which Ink Would You Rather Spill on Your Rug?

Parker Quink

BEST

3-IN-ONE OIL
LUBRICATES · CLEANS · PREVENTS RUST

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

A BOWL FULL OF "SUNSHINE"

Young America Begins early to get "That Skin you love to Touch"

LUCKY YOU ... to get this early start to a fine complexion ... Daily cleansing, to keep pores free of dirt and smooth all over ...

NOW 10c Woodbury's FACIAL SOAP

CONTAINS PURIFIED SUNSHINE VITAMIN D

Continued on Page 186

"TODAY OUR HEALTHY DIONNE QUINS HAD QUAKER OATS."

Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe

GIANT DIONNE QUIN DISPLAY FEATURES WINTER HEALTH SALE AT YOUR GROCER'S!

Nature's Protective-Vitamin Foods now displayed at all stores to help you keep Winter meals on the Vital Side!

For Vitamin B is Nature's way to BRACE UP YOUR NERVES AND DIGESTION, and restoring NERVES ESSENTIAL to normal—correcting CONSTIPATION AND DULL APPETITE which are so often the previous symptoms.

You can't get along without it, say doctors. Your body demands protective-vitamin B daily which is the big reason to breakfast on Quaker Oats.

It's wise to eat two grain breakfasts, at least. Here is perfect duo-vite!

For the sake of your family visit your GRAND UNION STORE now and at your grocer's! This week features a giant DIONNE QUIN display and most interesting to the Quints of the flesh that ever has been produced!

Visit our grocer's WINTER HEALTH SALE today. It will help you plan your meals around NATURE'S PROTECTIVE VITAMIN FOODS! For the sake of your family's health take advantage of this new service by leading grocers everywhere.

KEEP YOUR MEALS ON THE VITAL SIDE

with Nature's Protective-Vitamin Foods now featured at your grocers!

for Vitamin **A**..	Resistance to Colds	Fresh Vegetables
for Vitamin **B**..	BRACES-UP NERVES, DIGESTION, APPETITE.	QUAKER OATS
for Vitamin **C**..	Combats Infection	Oranges, Tomatoes
for Vitamin **D**..	Builds strong teeth & bones	Irradiated Foods
for Vitamin **G**..	Helps Children Grow	Fresh Milk

Quaker and Mother's Oats are the same.

This display copyright 1937 by The Quaker Oats Company

QUAKER OATS

RICH IN NATURE'S VITAMIN B, TO BRACE-UP NERVES, DIGESTION, APPETITE!

"Yes Man" Decides to Say "No!"

And Finds It Works Equally Well With Cupid and an Advertising Campaign.

By Edwin Rutt

GOODBYE DANDRUFF!

The Truth About Soap Shampoos

Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo

THE F. W. FITCH COMPANY Des Moines, Iowa • • • Toronto, Can

Help Keep Your Husband OUT OF THE BALDHEADED ROW

Ladies, if your husband's hair is getting thinner and thinner—buy him a bottle of Lucky Tiger Hair and Scalp then see if he uses it. And here's a tip—don't [illegible] it will get you a head in the way of [illegible] seat in your favor.

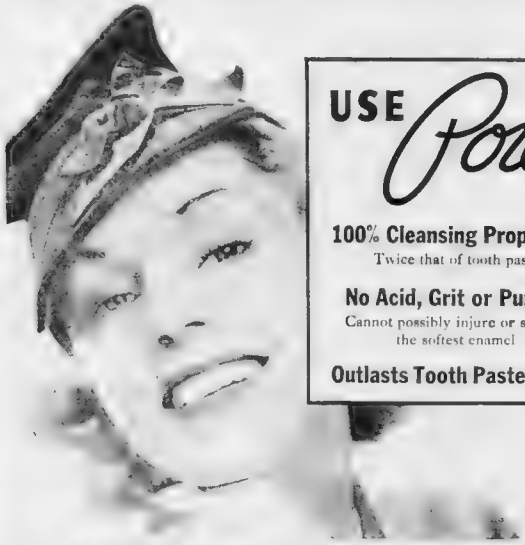
A Simple Treatment

Apply to dry hair two or three times weekly. Follow each time with a vigorous massage to loosen the scalp. Lucky Tiger [illegible] Just a few drops.

Lucky Tiger FOR HAIR AND SCALP

(Continued on Page [illegible])

NO APOLOGIES ACCEPTED



USE Powder

100% Cleansing Properties
Twice that of tooth paste

No Acid, Grit or Pumice
Cannot possibly injure or scratch the softest enamel

Outlasts Tooth Paste 2 to 1

Do As Your Dentist Does—

when he cleans your teeth

THERE is [illegible] known that will [illegible] and polish [illegible] so [illegible] enamel. Even as a [illegible]

DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER

MILLIONS USE THIS TRIPLE-ACTION CORN REMEDY!

RELIEVES PAIN—REMOVES CORNS—PREVENTS THEIR RETURN

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

FALSE TEETH AND REMOVABLE BRIDGES

STAINS TARTAR YELLOW

CLEANED and PURIFIED
NEW WAY • • • NO BRUSHING!

Even the worst old plates—black with stains and covered with bad deposits—are cleaned like new, [illegible] No [illegible] Just [illegible] Your money back if [illegible]

POLIDENT WORKS LIKE MAGIC

One Trial Will Amaze You!

APPROVED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

T T D G T M

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

T

Closing Pim's Features Becky Bites in Ivory Trophy. Torment of Grinning Wrinkles. He Seized Tom's Hand and Shook It as If It Were a Prayer Pump

CHAPTER XVIII

NED FORTUNE
discovers

JOHN HANCOCK MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

"Camay works like a charm for
My Complexion"

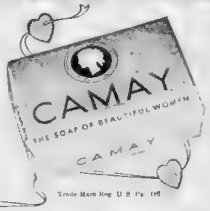
SAYS THIS LOVELY MARYLAND BRIDE

ROCKVILLE, MD
Camay is a perfect treasure ... all it's good to be ... I know it works like a charm ... for my complexion.
Sincerely
(Mrs. Dorothy Dorsey Sullivan
Mrs. Gerard Sullivan)
December ... 1

If a sweet girl should know ... is how Camay can help ... complexion. Are you too as wise as this young bride? Complexion ... important ... ask its most ... Lots of what it takes to make plain women pretty ... pretty women beautiful. And *anyone*—with just the simplest Camay-care—can have a skin that's fresh, smooth, radiant!

That's how modern girls do it—with Camay! Just *try* this bland beauty soap that ... *caresses thoroughly* ... ridding the face of dust, of grime. Then watch for the soft glow, the "alive" look that Camay brings to your face—for Camay, and only Camay, can give your skin the gentle *stimulation* ... fresh good looks. And ... as mild as nature in ... Tested for mildness ... leading soaps, ... nately, *proves* ...

Begin today ... skin. Buy six cakes ... price will prove ... why Camay is winning ...



Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Camay

. . . THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

ENTER *NOW!* 1,000 PRIZES

$200,000.00 TO BE AWARDED

EVERYTHING YOU NEED IN ORDER TO ENTER IS INCLUDED IN THIS 2-PAGE ANNOUNCEMENT

EASY TO ENTER NOW!

Here's How You Win $100,000.00 1st PRIZE

TODAY [illegible] make up your mind to win [illegible] THOUSAND DOLLARS CASH—First Prize [illegible]!

[illegible]

A [illegible] depend upon luck or [illegible] SEPARATE [illegible] ENTRY will be safeguarded [illegible] for comparison with [illegible] Have you ever before [illegible] such an easy opportunity to win [illegible]?

[illegible] EACH WEEK for 15 weeks we will offer a [illegible] This [illegible] all 12 of the puzzles [illegible]

[illegible] correct [illegible] each [illegible]

1st... [illegible] 12 puzzles [illegible]

2nd... [illegible]

3rd... [illegible]

[illegible]

Another ENTRY FORM in case somebody else in the family wants to enter

OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

[illegible] Date

[illegible]

1 _____ 7 _____

2 _____ 8 _____

3 _____ 9 _____

4 _____ 10 _____

5 _____ 11 _____

6 _____ 12 _____

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss
Address _____

City _____ State _____

[illegible]

PLEASE *PRINT* YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS

Puzzles 1-6
FIRST WEEK'S SERIES

Each of these puzzles represents a familiar name. The solution, or name represented by each puzzle, can be found in the list of names printed below that puzzle. Fill in your solutions on either of the Entry Forms provided with this announcement.

PUZZLE No. 1

WHAT NAME DOES THIS PUZZLE REPRESENT?
The Correct Solution Is In the Following List

Washington Irving	Jack London
John Ringling	Marie Antoinette
Roscoe Arbuckle	George Washington
Oscar Wilde	Sir Walter Raleigh
Noah Webster	Robert Louis Stevenson
William Pitt	Lillian Russell

PUZZLE No. 2

WHAT NAME DOES THIS PUZZLE REPRESENT?
The Correct Solution Is In the Following List

Charles Dickens	Stephen Decatur
Mark Twain	Rudyard Kipling
Texas Guinan	Carrie Nation
Charles Lamb	Israel Zangwill
Anna Pavlowa	William Penn
Geoffrey Chaucer	Robert Browning

PUZZLE No. 3

WHAT NAME DOES THIS PUZZLE REPRESENT?
The Correct Solution Is In the Following List

Thomas Carlyle	Warren Hastings
Horace Walpole	America Vespucci
John Stuart Mill	Oliver Cromwell
Ponce de Leon	Johann Strauss
Christopher Columbus	Benjamin Franklin
Percy Shelley	John Quincy Adams

PUZZLE No. 4

WHAT NAME DOES THIS PUZZLE REPRESENT?
The Correct Solution Is In the Following List

Henry Clay	Pocahontas
Wiley Post	Walter Raleigh
Diamond Jim Brady	James Oglethorpe
Leif Ericson	Russell Sage
Thomas Jefferson	Robert Fulton
Julius Caesar	Dennis Meighin

PUZZLE No. 5

WHAT NAME DOES THIS PUZZLE REPRESENT?
The Correct Solution Is In the Following List

Cotton Mather	Franz Schubert
Stephen Foster	King Conare
Harry Houdini	Infant Capulet
Jane Austen	Robert Southey
George Washington	Jeanne Lagels
Patrick Henry	Nicolai Lenin

PUZZLE No. 6

WHAT NAME DOES THIS PUZZLE REPRESENT?
The Correct Solution Is In the Following List

Millard Fillmore	William Shakespeare
Jeanne d'Arc	Robert Morris
Daniel Defoe	Admiral Dewey
James Monroe	Henry Ward Beecher
Percy Shelley	Eugene Field
Rudolph Valentino	George Eastman

[illegible] Here is our **DOUBLE-MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE** [illegible]

NOTICE TO RETAILERS

We will make every effort to keep you amply supplied with the current OLD GOLD puzzle pictures. If you run short, merely telephone your jobber, and an additional supply will reach you promptly.

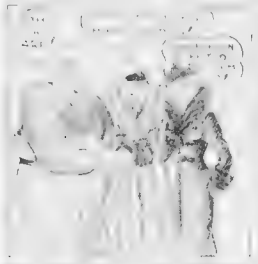
START TODAY! YOU CAN WIN $100,000.00 FIRST PRIZE

ENTER NOW! ALL PUZZLES TO DATE RE-PRINTED ON THESE TWO PAGES!

Puzzles 7-12
SECOND WEEK'S SERIES

Each of these puzzles represents a familiar name. The solution, or name represented by each puzzle, can be found in the list of names printed below that puzzle. Fill in your solutions on either of the Entry Forms provided with this announcement.

PUZZLE No. 7



PUZZLE No. 8

PUZZLE No. 9

PUZZLE No. 10

PUZZLE No. 11

PUZZLE No. 12

1,000 CASH PRIZES... $200,000.00 IN AWARDS

FIRST PRIZE... $100,000.00

2nd Prize . . . $30,000.00 — 3rd Prize . . . $10,000.00 — 4th Prize . . . $10,000.00
5th Prize . . . . $5,000.00 — 6th Prize . . . . $5,000.00 — 7th Prize $2,500.00
8th Prize $2,500.00

2 Prizes $1,500.00 each . . . $3,000.00 — 2 Prizes $1,000.00 each . . . $2,000.00 — 10 Prizes $500 each . . . $5,000.00
28 Prizes $250.00 each . . . $7,000 — 50 Prizes $100.00 each . . . $5,000.00
One Hundred Prizes $50.00 each . . . $5,000.00 — Eight Hundred Prizes $10.00 each . . . $8,000.00

THE RULES

ENTER THIS CONTEST

Never Before, a Contest So Efficiently Conducted

EVERY

P. Lorillard Company
(Established 1760)

Our Pledge to Every Contestant

In every conceivable way this contest shall be conducted in a manner to insure

Complete Details About Winners and Score

Individual Files

In That Spirit

Accurate Checking of All Solutions

Once you are certain that the contest is over, all puzzles in Entry Form will be destroyed. We want all the contestants to feel that the contest is entirely fair and impartial.

ENTER NOW! BY USING THIS ENTRY FORM

OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

1	7
2	8
3	9
4	10
5	11
6	12

PLEASE *PRINT* YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS

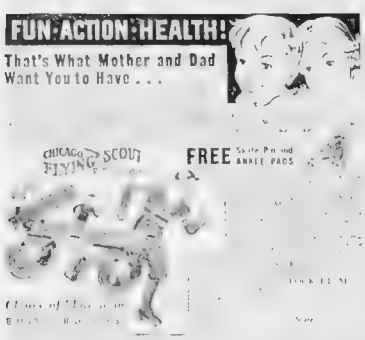
By "Arizona Bill," Daredevil Pioneer of the Old Wild West

Stiffness fades away! Soothing warmth comes with "Ben-Gay"

BAUME BEN-GAY

(Continued on Page 53)

FUN-ACTION-HEALTH!
That's What Mother and Dad Want You to Have . . .



WHY DO I ALWAYS FEEL SO TIRED!

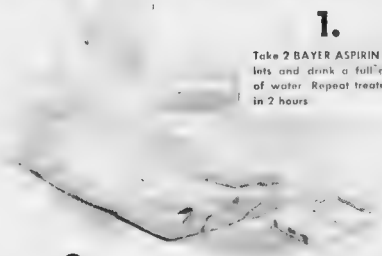
A TRUE EXPERIENCE based on a letter from Miss Kay Powe

HOW ENO HELPS YOU TO FEEL FIT FASTER

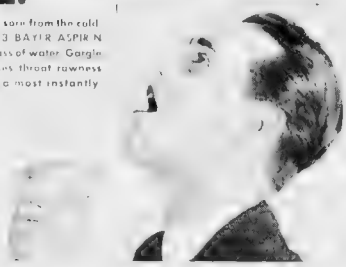
YOU'LL LIKE ENO the pleasant tasting alkalizing laxative

What to Do to Ease Your Cold

1. Take 2 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets and drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours



2. If throat also is sore from the cold crush and stir 3 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets in glass of water. Gargle twice. This eases throat rawness and soreness almost instantly



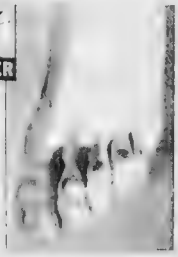
Get Genuine Bayer Aspirin for Fast Relief

TAKE 2 TABLETS

15¢ FOR A DOZEN • 2 FULL DOZEN FOR 25c • VIRTUALLY 1c A TABLET

OUCH—
CORNS COME BACK BIGGER—UGLIER

Unless removed Root* and All



BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK SCIENTIFIC CORN PLASTERS

FIERY...SMARTING EYES
SOOTHED...CLEARED
NEW SAFE WAY IN SECONDS

The Thunder Dragon Gate

by Talbot Mundy

Continued from Page 11

EYE-GENE
EUROPE ROUND TRIP
170
ARNOLD BERNSTEIN • RED STAR LINES
17 BATTERY PLACE • NEW YORK CITY
BACKACHES
CAUSED BY
MOTHERHOOD

Dowlah Helped Himself to Whisky, Watching Them Out of the Corner of His Eyes. Tom Signaled Swiftly

SLENDERIZING FASHIONS
YOU CAN Look LESS STOUT
this STYLE BOOK SENT Free
The Same Smart Styles that Other Women Wear
$8.95
$4.95
Lane Bryant
Dept. 122 39th Street at Fifth Ave. NEW YORK
Two OTHER Free Books
LANE BRYANT, Dept. 122

Be Tantalizing
ITCHY SKIN
Make this FREE Test
Peterson's Ointment
FREE SAMPLE

Gray Hair
Best Remedy is Made At Home

Stop that Scratching
RELIEVE ITCHING In One Minute

By "Arizona Bill," Daredevil Pioneer of the Old Wild West.

Continued from Page 22

D.D.D. Prescription
"Klutch" holds
FALSE TEETH
Tight—all day

FOR CRACKED SKIN
BLACKHEADS PIMPLES
get Cuticura-
SOOTHES FAST
HELPS HEAL
FREE SAMPLE
CUTICURA
SOAP and OINTMENT

THE GREATEST BOOK ever published for Seventy-five Cents
Remember the Birthday of Everyone You Know

To Be Continued Next Sunday

CHAPTER IX.

Abdul Mirza

DOWLAH drank deep and sat down to wait, sitting on the edge of the bed where he watched Essa sip her drink and set it down before he spoke to her.

Don't be a "DENTAL CRIPPLE"
When you see that of "Pink" act pr... see your den...
Let this modern dental routine help keep your gums healthy—your teeth sparkling white
Change today
TO IPANA AND MASSAGE
Remember
A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.
IPANA
Tooth Paste

LAND O'LAKES
Stores Affair
to the Hostesses
of America

ACCEPT THIS
CHARMING ADDITION TO YOUR DINNER SERVICE!
Modern Smooth Lifetime DURA-CHROMIUM

Bread and Butter Plate
YOURS FOR ONLY 10¢ and the LABEL FROM ANY
LAND O'LAKES PRODUCT
SET OF 6 PLATES FOR 6 LABELS AND 50¢

A JURY OF WOMEN PICKED THIS PLATE-OF-MANY-USES FOR YOU!

ACCEPT QUICKLY PLEASE!

YOU'LL AGREE Land O'Lakes Butter Has No Equal in Quality or Flavor

LAND O' LAKES CREAMERIES, INC.

Actual Size

SEND THIS ORDER BLANK
Land O'Lakes Creameries Inc. Dept. A Minneapolis, Minn.

LAND O'LAKES
Sweet Cream BUTTER

I'M PROUD OF OUR TOILET WHEN Sani-Flush CLEANS IT!

Sani-Flush
CLEANS TOILETS WITHOUT SCOURING

DON'T LET COUGHING TEAR YOUR THROAT
MILLIONS USE PERTUSSIN FOR QUICK RELIEF

30¢ Prescription PERTUSSIN FREE
COUGH RELIEF

Name
Address

FOR ITCHING SKIN

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

READ THE AMERICAN WEEKLY regularly — there's no other magazine like it.

WHAT AMAZING LOTION WITH VITAMIN D DOES FOR ROUGH "SANDPAPER SKIN"

DANGER NEAR LIGHTS AHEAD

FREE!

"SUNSHINE" VITAMIN IN HINDS IS ABSORBED—DOES SKIN MORE GOOD!

HINDS
HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM
IS QUICKER-ACTING... NOT WATERY!

BUNIONS REDUCED QUICKLY

BUMP GOES DOWN—Pain Stops at Once
Sample Treatment Proves It

Mrs. B. Davidhazer, Oregon writes: "I applied Fairfoot to a very sore bunion. Now it is only a memory. I can get shoes that fit with ease. I put on my shoes and did not suffer another pain. I have had bunions for ten years."

Get It Today!
Get a sample TRIAL TREATMENT of Fairfoot for only 10¢. Name ... and address ... and 10¢ ... Fairfoot Products Co. 1223 So. Wabash Ave. Chicago, Ill.

FAIRYFOOT PRODUCTS CO.
1223 So. Wabash Ave. Chicago, Ill.

—SAMPLE TREATMENT COUPON—
Fairyfoot Products Co., 1223 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Illinois.
Name
Address

GET SAMPLE AT THESE DRUG STORES:
All Liggett Drug Stores
All Walgreen Drug Stores
Read Drug Stores, Baltimore
Cunningham Drug Stores, Detroit
All Owl Drug Stores
Sun Drug Stores, Pittsburgh
Bartell Drug Stores, Seattle
Jacobs Drug Stores, Atlanta
Peoples Drug Stores, Washington, D. C.

DARLING, YOUR BREAKFAST'S ALWAYS HIT THE SPOT!
NO MORE SHAVING CRUTCH FOR HIM SINCE HE FOUND THAT YOU AND I WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER!
GILLETTE BLADE

So Easy to Get Comfortable Shaves

—when you use the blade that is made for your razor

"A different as day and night"! That is how men everywhere describe the thrill of shaving with a *Gillette Blade* in a *Gillette Razor*.

There's a reason! The Gillette Razor and the Gillette Blade are *made for each other*. Designed by the same engineers, produced in the same factory, they work smoothly together to give you the world's most comfortable shaves.

Another razor blade is made as the Gillette Blade is made. It is diamond-honed for hardness, "X Ray-ed" for hidden flaws, measured for sharpness to a beam of light—the edges are seen by the human eye ranged on them.

Buy a package of Gillette Blades today. See what it means in shaving comfort to use the blade that was especially made for your razor!

Reputable merchants never offer substitutes for Gillette Blades. Know what you're buying by name!

To hear you sing with Milton Berle and other stars on Gillford's "Original Community Sing" radio program—CBS Network—Coast to Coast—Sunday nights—10 P. M., E. S. T.

Gillette Blades

Precision made for Gillette Razors

"Yes Man" Decides to Say "No!" *By Edwin Rutt*

(Continued from Page 18)

gain," he said. "Well, I'll tell you. I had everything to go—and nothing to lose. I'm a good advertising man working for a good advertising agency. We got up a good campaign—a swell campaign, in fact—and I brought it over to you. And could you see it. You could not. You threw it overboard as if it had germs in it and sent me back in order to get a wishy-washy campaign. Well, listen, Mr. Meacham! I didn't believe in your way of introducing the new Comet. I still don't. It's old stuff, pre-war vintage, the kind of advertising that probably knocked 'em dead in crinoline days. But this is 1937, Mr. Meacham, the public wants drama. The public wants color. So, another fellow and I introduced the new Comet with orgasm and color. And what happened? Well, I'll tell you what. You got about a million dollars' worth of free advertising right smack on the front page, that's what. And you sit there and call me crazy."

At this point there came a vague sound, as of a moose clearing its throat.

"Possibly, Meacham," said a voice, "you ought to introduce me to this young man."

Mr. Meacham whirled around. The little gentleman who had been lurking in the background was standing, in his elbow.

"On second thought, Meacham," continued the little man, "I'll introduce myself." He extended his hand. "My name is Molesworth. I take it you're young Potter who went on that errand-joyride in one of our cars the other day."

Molesworth! The big shot! For a second the world reeled crazily. Pliny sort of hung on to it. You could not. You threw it overboard as if it had germs in it and sent me back in order to get a wishy-washy campaign. Well, listen, Mr. Meacham! I didn't believe in your way of introducing the new Comet. I still don't. It's old stuff, pre-war vintage, the kind of advertising that probably knocked 'em dead in crinoline days. But this is 1937, Mr. Meacham, the public wants drama. The public wants color. So, another fellow and I introduced the new Comet with orgasm and color. And what happened? Well, I'll tell you what. You got about a million dollars' worth of free advertising right smack on the front page, that's what. And you sit there and call me crazy."

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"Possibly, Meacham," said a voice, "you ought to introduce me to this young man."

Mr. Meacham whirled around. The little gentleman who had been lurking in the background was standing, in his elbow.

"But—our reputation," began Mr. Meacham, flustered.

"Fiddlesticks! It was a good publicity stunt. Our reputation won't going to suffer. Just the reverse. Why, we've got the endorsement of the best racing driver in America. That's what'll interest the public. And that's what will help to sell Comets."

"Just the way I look at it," chipped in Pliny Potter, feeling very much at home.

"I would like," pursued Mr. Molesworth, "to see the campaign that the agency got up. I've got a hunch—he twinkled—"a few ideas about advertising myself."

Pliny Potter grabbed his bulky brown envelope. "It's right here, sir. The whole scrib—"

It was then that Mr. Meacham attempted a rally.

"You mean to say, Potter," he rasped, "that you've brought that campaign back?"

"That's right," said Pliny.

"But where are the ads I ordered? The ads that were to feature Comet quality? Didn't you have them prepared?"

It was Pliny Potter recognized the chance of a lifetime to get definitely out of the worm classification. He took a firm and belligerent stance.

"NO," he shouted. And into that one small word he managed to throw his entire soul.

Out in the ante-room Sandra jumped, in a kind of shocked ecstasy.

"Boy, oh boy, oh boy, oh boy!" crooned Sandra. "What a man!"

* * *

SANDRA STEELE was, as the French so ably put it, en negligee. She sat on the couch before her own fireplace, one long silken leg curled under her, listening to the voice of one conqueror.

"And so," concluded Pliny Potter, "Molesworth bought the agency's campaign. A few minor changes, of course. But, essentially, it is at over one hundred per cent. We talked for three hours and a racham didn't get a word in edgewise."

"Darling!" breathed Sandra, with proper relish rapture.

Pliny took it darkly upon a small palm in the corner.

"I don't like that thing," he said irrelevantly. "Throw it out."

Gosh, thought Sandra, ex-in-secta could get dictatorial. But never mind! Let him have his moment! After they were married was time enough to begin pinning his ears back.

"Furthermore—" continued Pliny, but was thrown for a loss by the telephone.

Sandra answered. Lew Grissom's voice boomed in her ear.

"Say, kid," said Lew excitedly. "I've sure got to thank you. That turned out to be one swell stunt you thought of. I had dinner with Molesworth tonight. Looks like I got the publicity job for Comet. Anytime you get another brainwave like that, call me up again. I'll buy you a bigger and better lunch."

Through this speech Sandra kept scuffing her slipper on the floor to try and drown out the crackling sound on the wire. Never, if she could help it, should Pliny Potter learn that this whole scheme originated somewhere under her own neat fingerwave.

"I can't talk now," she said abruptly, into the mouthpiece. "Call me tomorrow!" Bang went the receiver.

"Well, what the hell!" exclaimed the astonished Mr. Grissom, in a hotel far across town.

"Who was that?" demanded Pliny Potter.

"An old friend of my mother's," said Sandra glibly. "She's always borrowing money."

Pliny dismissed the matter with a wave of his hand. He walked to the couch, lowered over Sandra.

"Woman," he commanded, loudly and authoritatively, "say 'I love you'!"

"And I used to call this man a doormat," thought Sandra to herself. "Heaven help me!"

"Hurry up!" boomed Pliny. "Think I got all night? Say 'I love you'!"

"Darling," said Sandra. "If you'll just stop shouting like a boss stevedore and sit down here, I'll say it in all the languages—including the Scandinavian."

(Continued on Page 26) The End.

The Thunder Dragon Gate *by Talbot Mundy*

(Continued from Page 4)

"What the devil—?"

"Did you wish her to remain in Rajah Dowlah's clutches? No-stops was the only available person at the moment who could know her now to be useful. Rajah Dowlah is talking to Ali Sarau, who must be still, but is not seriously hurt. They are making I don't know what plans, or what disagreements. Rajah Dowlah is especially anxious to prevent you from shooting. Poor Noreya knows how to prevent you, but he does not understand what he is doing with Miss Burbage. She is quite safe, I hope and believe."

"You don't know where she is?"

"No. Did Rajah Dowlah make you a proposal?"

"I wouldn't tell if he did." Tom answered. "Confidence is confidence. I wouldn't divulge his, or yours either." He was watching the ventilator. He could see the shang-shang's snout.

Abdul Mirza sighed. "I must censure your attitude ever while I deplore your silence, which is very inconvenient for me. I will keep my half of our bargain in advance. I will trust you to keep your promise to try to dissuade Miss Burbage. Presently His Highness will believe I have been very careful to prevent you from entering Tibet. It may save me to you also, but don't believe it. For your information, Dr. Lewis will be on duty all night at the Edith Cavell Hospital. His assistance is ill."

Tom spoke in a level voice: "Get out of your chair quietly, Abdul Mirza, and then walk slowly to the door. Close the door after you. The shang-shang is coming down the wall."

"Oh, Allah!"

"I said, move slowly!"

The prime minister's slippers were off. He held his breath. He tip-toed barefoot, with his hands high, like a man balancing himself dorg a wall. Tom picked up one of the slippers. He hurled it and hit the shang-shang at the same moment that Abdul Mirza jumped out of the room and slammed the door behind him. The slipper fell to the floor.

The shang-shang spread out like a huge green spider, shot down the wall, pounced on the slipper, but it, wavered it, dropped it, and fled to the end of the room. It climbed the wall. Midway up the wall it spread itself again and crouched, dancing a little, staring with huge opal eyes, head downward.

Tom locked the door and then reached for the window-pole. He put the hook into the slipper and drew it toward him. It had been torn by the shang-shang's jaws. There was slimy liquid on it. The monster was watching him. It wouldn't stay much longer where it was. No use trying to hit it with the cyanide bottle, its eyes were on top; it could see a missile coming. Safer to try to catch the brute.

Tom went and opened the green cage, the one by the mirror. Keeping an eye on the shang-shang, he covered the cage with the shawl to make it look like a nice dark hiding-place. The cord that passed through a pulley to raise the lid was a long one. He tied the free end of the cord to the slipper, taking care to keep the noose out of his fingers.

Probably the shang-shang hadn't any brains to speak of. Probably, as Dowlah said, it always did the same thing in the same way, spider-fashion.

Question was, what would it do? Which same thing? Perhaps its habit was to jump at people who attacked it, the way Brazilian tarantulas sometimes do. It could jump like a flash of green light, without apparent effort. No use waiting for it to do that.

Tom threw the slipper on the end of the cord as far as it would reach. It fell about five feet away from the wall, directly in front of the shang-shang. The brute didn't take any notice. Its mandibles seemed to be stuffing invisible food into its blind snout. It pulsed on the tips of its long legs, as if priming itself for a spring off the wall.

Tom drew the slipper along the floor, slowly, in short jerks. Still the shang-shang didn't seem to notice it. He put the slipper into the cage and untied it, taking care to leave a scent up the side of the cage. Then he picked up the other slipper.

Someone tried the door-knob. Dowlah's voice:

"Grayne, are you in there?"

"Yes. Damnit, wait a minute!"

Tom hurled the slipper. It hit the wall hard, about two feet higher up than the shang-shang. The monster saw that one—saw it coming—didn't there when it hit the wall—dodged as quick as light toward the corner. Even so, it reached the floor before the slipper did. It climbed the big table, crawled along it.

Suddenly it seemed to go mad—danced on the table-top—knocked over an electric lamp—got under the table—hung, head-downward.

That looked like a chance. Heavy drapes, then cyanide. Tom reached for a drape. As if the shang-shang knew what he intended, it crept out on the far side of the table, four legs on top, four underneath, mandibles-end upward.

Tom picked up a book and threw that. The brute saw it coming and leaped to the floor, exactly on the trail of the slipper. It had followed the trail, and was into the cage, in less than the time lapse on two heartbeats. It savaged the slipper instantly.

The lid thudded shut. Tom went and shot the brass bolts top, four underneath, mandibled-end upward.

Tom picked up a book and threw that. The brute saw it coming and leaped to the floor, exactly on the trail of the slipper. It had followed the trail, and was into the cage, in less than the time lapse on two heartbeats. It savaged the slipper instantly.

The lid thudded shut. Tom went and shot the brass bolts

Stolen from the South Seas
Magic! The Secret of Her Strange Enchantment . . . Tattoo for Lips
Instead of Paste Coloring
TATTOO YOUR LIPS
The New TATTOO is transparent, painless, indelible . . . yet makes lips moist, lustrous, smooth, soft . . . endlessly yielding!
Lipstain Sends Sex Appeal Signals
Tattoo Your Lips!
THE NEW
TATTOO
CORAL • EXOTIC • NATURAL
PASTEL • HAWAIIAN

MAKE YOUR COLD FEEL EASIER TONIGHT
Rub your chest with Penetro before you go to bed
THE SALVE WITH A MAGIC IN ITS VAPORS
PENETRO

AT night, energy is exhausted; resistance lowered; circulation slows up; congestion seems worse.

Rub your chest with Penetro at bedtime. Because it's made with mutton suet and concentrated medication, it warms your chest, opens pores, creates counter-irritation to help Nature increase blood-flow and relieve congestion. Its aromatic vapors help open up stuffy nasal passages. At all drug stores. For free sample of stainless, snow-white Penetro, write Penetro, Dept. A-1, Memphis, Tenn.

Relieves watery head colds with Penetro Nose Drops. Two drops in each nostril—then B-R-E-A-T-H-E. 25c, 50c and $1 bottles. Trial size 10c.

THE REAL DOINGS of real life characters—actual names of people and places—are given in the true stories printed in this and other issues of The American Weekly. That is why this magazine is different from other publications—more interesting.

Get Back Your Youthful Looks

FARR'S for GRAY HAIR

FARR'S, used with confidence, leaves your hair soft, lustrous, NATURAL, youthful in appearance. Easy as a manicure in hygienic privacy of home; odorless, greaseless; will not rub off nor interfere with curling. $1.10. Sold everywhere.

FREE SAMPLE
BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO., A-W-36, 78 Spring Street, Boston, Mass.
Send in plain wrapping.
Name
Street
City State
GIVE ORIGINAL HAIR COLOR

MILLIONS HAIL IRIUM, THRILLING REMEDY FOR DULL TEETH!

Pepsodent alone of tooth powders contains this amazing new scientific discovery for giving teeth thrilling luster with safety.

Irium Makes Pepsodent Powder
DOUBLY SAFE
No Pumice . . . No Grit
DOUBLY PLEASANT
No Soap . . . No Chalk
GIVES THRILLING NEW LUSTER
with safety!
ONLY 25c AND 50c

SCIENCE wins your fight! . . . No matter what luck you've had before in restoring natural brilliance to teeth, try the amazing effect of IRIUM, the new scientific remedy for dull teeth, contained in Pepsodent alone of powders.

For IRIUM makes Pepsodent a remarkably *active* tooth powder. At the very first brushing, it speedily loosens the dingy film on teeth and floats it away like magic.

IRIUM is a totally new kind of foaming ingredient which actually banishes film, leaving enamel far cleaner, far more radiant than other methods.

Unlike soap in many dentifrices, IRIUM does not encourage deposits of film and tartar. That's why teeth look whiter, feel clean so much longer after using Pepsodent Powder containing IRIUM.

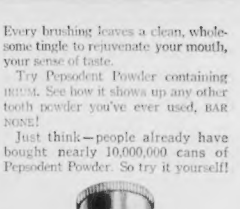
Teeth sparkle as they never did with old-fashioned, laborious methods. Yet Pepsodent Powder containing IRIUM is DOUBLY SAFE, because it contains NO GRIT, NO PUMICE. DOUBLY PLEASANT because it contains NO CHALK, NO SOAP. Every brushing leaves a clean, wholesome tingle to rejuvenate your mouth, your sense of taste.

Try Pepsodent Powder containing IRIUM. See how it shows up any other tooth powder you've ever used, BAR NONE!

Just think—people already have bought nearly 10,000,000 cans of Pepsodent Powder. So try it yourself!

USE PEPSODENT POWDER twice a day!

See your Dentist twice a year!



Your Busy Hands!

Protect them from **Chapping**

Must the hands that are busy all day bear the telltale marks of roughness, redness, or chapping? The answer is "No! Not if you follow the Mentholatum Method of keeping your hands in good condition."

What could be simpler than this: Every night and morning, as well as after exposure to all rough work apply a little Mentholatum to your hands and rub it in well. See if this treatment does not keep them smooth—in spite of dish washing, house cleaning, exposure to cold, etc.

Gives COMFORT DAILY

MENTHOLATUM

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The Thunder Dragon Gate

by Talbot Mundy

(Continued from Page 25)

home. Then he arranged the covering shawl neatly, wiped the sweat off his face and the back of his neck, went and opened the door.

Dowlah stared at him. "The shang-shang?"

"Caught."

"You lucky dog!" said Dowlah. "I congratulate you. You have dealt me the joker."

CHAPTER X.
Elsa Departs.

DOWLAH seemed to be one of those men who can drink themselves sober. He took a long drink. It seemed to give him venomous self-control.

Tom had made up his mind to find out where Elsa had gone, but he didn't choose to ask Dowlah. He preferred the truth. If she had left the house he could probably pick up her trail.

"Well," he said, "thanks for the hospitality. I'll be going."

Dowlah interrupted. "No. We've something to discuss yet. Sit down."

Tom obliged him.

"Put you signal to that Burbage girl to leave the house?"

Tom grinned. "You should learn to read my signals."

"You must teach me, since we're going to have to work together. How did you know that letter was in Eji's pocket?"

Tom had not ceased grinning. He was silent. Dowlah continued:

"She was the one put it under Eji's plate at dinner? Signaled the news to you, eh? Smart little devil. Well, Grayne, you didn't mean to, but you did me a good turn. The police are suspicious of Eji Sarao. If they should rob him, as I think they will, that letter might have compromised him."

"Him? Not you? Or both of you?"

"Damn your impudence," said Dowlah.

He began to chew his fingernails. He appeared to be raging with indecision and impatience.

"I'll be off," said Tom. "It's long after midnight. I'm keeping you up."

"Sit down. Sleep, Tom Grayne, is for the fools who pay the bills. You and I must reach agreement—now."

"You talk," said Tom. "I'll listen."

Dowlah swallowed some more whisky. "What did Abdul Mirza tell you?"

"Nothing."

"Damn him, he tells me next to nothing! He's like all your sentimentalists—he plays hot and cold. No counting on him. You signaled Elsa Burbage to leave the house?"

"I'm listening to you."

"Well, dammit, it was Abdul Mirza who let her get away while I was with Sarao. Curse his fat soul, I believe the old bugaard is sweet on her! Or did you ask him to show her the gate?"

"You could question me all night long. It wouldn't get you anywhere."

"Well, the old swag-bellied rogue has pulled off one thing that I thought impossible," said Dowlah. "I am expecting a visitor. He will convince you, Tom Grayne, that your road into Tibet is blocked unless you throw in with me. What are you anyway? An Anglophile? Doing tricks for the British, at the expense of the U. S. Government?"

"I'm a tourist," said Tom.

"You have two alternatives, and a third that we needn't discuss. Me—or go home."

"Third one murder?"

"Do you expect to live to make trouble for me?" Dowlah retorted. "You and that girl fetch Thopa-ga from hospital before daylight. I'm ready. We'll take that shang-shang with us, possession being nine points of the law of the Bon magicians. I have men, equipment, money all ready—now. I suppose you can draw any money you need?"

"Why me?" Tom asked.

"I want her—to manage Thopa-ga. I don't want him dead on my hands, or sulky and impossible to work with. I can't manage her. But you can. That is why you get your chance to come to Tibet."

"So you think my road is blocked unless I come with you?"

Dowlah laughed. "The man who will spike your gun is coming now. I hear him. All he has to do is to warn the British that he suspects your intentions and doesn't want you in Tibet. That leaves my offer your only chance to get into the country."

There was quite a commotion in the hall. Voices could be heard through the door. Dowlah, however, went on talking:

"He is the Tashi Lama's confidential representative. He was exiled with him, but he returned to Tibet to look after the Tashi Lama's affairs. He knows the secret of the Thunder Dragon Gate. He will be leaving for Tibet tomorrow, by the only route that you could take, unless you come with me. His name is Lobsang Pun. Have you heard of him?"

The door opened suddenly. Dowlah stood up. Tom stood, governing excitement. Abdul Mirza bowed the visitor into the room, announced him and retired. The Most Reverend Lama Lobsang Pun stood chuckling beads and murmuring his blessing.

He was even more astonishing than when Tom had seen him. He had been stout then, but he had grown enormous. If he was recently from Tibet it was amazing that he shouldn't have lost weight on the exhausting journey. A great, apple-shaped belly bulged above his girdle. An unruly thatch of black hair. A black toga. Black robe. A jade rosary, each bead carved to resemble a human skull. A nose like an owl's beak, protruding between cheeks that looked as if he were puffing them out on purpose. Wrinkles. High cheek bones. Leathery, weathered skin. Twinkling, deep-sunk, humorous malicious black eyes. Pretty nearly six feet of him. Probably three hundred pounds.

He didn't appear to suffer from the heat. If it was true, as the Tibetan refugee told that he had once lived unhoused in a cave near Mount Everest, then perhaps too, he had learned the hermits' mysterious art of endurance, reinforced by temperature.

He had a grand voice. He and Dowlah, going through the ritual of polite question and answer about each other's health, sounded like great acts of acolytes serving a litany. Dowlah's Tibetan was ungrammatical and ill-pronounced, but not a phrase was omitted, to the last, almost physically embracing.

"Your Highness' happiness?"

And Dowlah's. "That is crowned and rendered deathless by your Eminence's visit."

During the entire ritual, Lobsang Pun was watching Tom's face in the mirror. He chose a chair from which he could continue that espionage. But he pretended not to recognize Tom until Dowlah formally introduced him. Tom winked.

Instantly, the Lama's features broke into an ivory-leathery torment of grinning wrinkles. He opened a mouth from which half the teeth were missing and roared with laughter that shook his big belly. He seized Tom's hand and shook it as if it were a prayer pump.

"Tum-Glain! Tum-Glain! Oh-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!" Prayer effusion! "Seven hundred monks all praying that He snow not overtaking you! I entering it. Oh-ha-ha-ha-ha!"

Tom returned the laugh. It was a thoroughly Tibetan joke.

"Your Eminence's confidence in prayer almost persuades me to become a Buddhist. You expelled me, as I don't doubt you remember, just a few days ahead of the Winter blizzards. At the time, I thought you homicidal, but I see I was mistaken."

"Oo-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!"

The Most Reverend and Holy Lobsang Pun had not had such a laugh since the news of the late lamented Dalai Lama's death. Even so, there was a hint of gales of laughter in reserve.

He let go Tom's hand at last and leaned back in the chair, studying him intently, lowering his eyebrows, pouting poisonous lips.

Dowlah interrupted the silence. "Somebody has told His Eminence that you intend to return to Tibet, Tom Grayne."

"Oo-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! Tum-Glain! What you wanting? 'Nother chase back out again? Prayer efficacious. Oh, yes!" He shook his finger at Tom. "You learn

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PRUNE WHIP TARTS
Mrs. Frank Wooten, Lakeland, Fla.

You'll love the filling of these unusual tarts—so rich with fruit and nuts. And you're sure to think highly of the pastry, too, even if you do not like prunes. Mrs. Wooten does and makes it with Jewel shortening. She finds it makes more flaky and crispy pastry and finer than any she has ever used before. Here's how: Cut 1/2 c. Jewel shortening into 1 c. flour with 1/2 tsp. salt. Add 1/2 c. cold water and mix to a stiff dough. Roll to 1/8 inch thickness on floured board and line individual tart tins. Bake in a hot oven, 450° F., for 12 minutes. Cool. Fill tart shells with 1 c. cooked prunes, pitted and chopped, 1/2 c. chopped nuts, 1/2 c. sugar and 1/4 tsp. cinnamon. Beat 2 egg whites until stiff but not dry. Fold in 2 tbsp. sugar and 1/4 tsp. vanilla. Spread meringue over prune filling. Bake at 300° F. for 30 minutes. When cool, decorate with whipped cream.

The Vegetable fat in Jewel is given remarkable shortening properties through Swift's special blending of it with other bland cooking fats.

MISS MILLER—I JUST WON'T STAND THIS NONSENSE

TOO TIRED TO WORK—AND HER JOB MEANT SO MUCH

I WAS WATCHING YOU WITH THAT CUSTOMER. YOU NEVER EVEN MADE AN EFFORT TO SELL HER. LOOK AT THE FEW COATS YOU BROUGHT OUT. WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO YOU LATELY?
I'M SORRY, MR. WOODS. I'LL DO BETTER THE NEXT TIME.
WAS WOODS RASSING YOU? WHY—YOU USED TO SELL MORE THAN ANYONE ELSE IN THE DEPARTMENT.
I USED TO—THAT'S THE TROUBLE, FLORENCE. I'M ALL SHOT TO PIECES. I'M SO TIRED ALL THE TIME—AND I CAN'T BEAR THE CUSTOMERS. THEY ALL SEEM SO PICKY AND FUSSY.

I'D CHUCK THE WHOLE THING, BUT—NO JOB—AND I DON'T EAT
I'M SURE YOU'RE ALL RUN-DOWN, EDITH. DAD WAS THE WAY YOU ARE. THE DOCTOR SAID HIS BLOOD WAS UNDERFED—AND HAD HIM EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. HE SAID IT HELPS SUPPLY THE BLOOD WITH MORE AND BETTER NOURISHMENT. WON'T YOU TRY IT—PLEASE—
EMPLOYEES ONLY

A FEW WEEKS LATER
SAY, YOU ARE A BLOOMING FLOWER THESE DAYS
I REALLY FEEL SWELL. THOSE LITTLE YEAST CAKES SAVED MY JOB ALL RIGHT. I HAVE ENERGY TO BURN

SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHETHER SHE WANTED A TAILORED COAT OR A DRESSY COAT—AND I SOLD HER ONE OF EACH!
NOW, YOU'RE BACK IN YOUR OLD STRIDE AGAIN. I WISH WE HAD MORE GIRLS LIKE YOU AROUND HERE

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What you need is something to help your blood get more nourishment from your food.

VITAMINS A. B. G and D

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DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

Peanut Butter Makes Good Food Better

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

PEANUT butter used as a spread for bread, sandwiches, crackers, etc., is an old and familiar story. No schoolboy and no college girl could exist without a jar of peanut butter alongside to ward off the pangs of sudden scholastic hunger! But what of peanut butter used in quick breads, in breakfast muffins, in a nutritious nutloaf, or in a satisfying soup for a cold February day? Many delicious recipes, varied in type, come to mind.

Starting with soup, here's a recipe that is simple to prepare and appealing to everyone in the family:

Peanut Butter Soup.

One and one-half cups tomato juice, or thin puree, 1 small onion, minced, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon celery salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon paprika, 4 tablespoons peanut butter, 2 cups boiling water. Combine tomato juice, onion, celery salt and paprika. Boil 2 minutes, then strain. Combine with peanut butter and boiling water, and simmer 10 minutes. Serve with small toasted bread squares dusted with grated cheese. Serves 4. To vary the above, substitute top milk for the tomato juice and water, and just before serving drop some freshly-toasted split peanuts on top.

The vegetarian long ago accepted the peanut as one of the best forms of protein or muscle-forming food. Hence it is from him that we gathered the following recipe:

Peanut Butter Loaf.

Two cups peanut butter, 1 cup top milk, 4 well-beaten eggs, 4 cups toasted bread-crumbs, 2 medium onions, minced, 2 cups hot mashed potatoes, 1 teaspoon thyme or marjoram, 2 teaspoons salt. Add peanut butter slowly to milk, blending a little at a time. Add beaten eggs. Add crumbs, minced onion, hot mashed potatoes and seasonings. Generously butter a loaf mold, pour in mixture, and bake 1 hour in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees. Unmold, and serve with cranberry or other tart jelly, or with tomato or brown mushroom sauce. Serves 6.

Although few delicacies are so relished at breakfast as muffins, even these may tend to become monotonous if always made of the same ingredients. Here is where a touch of peanut butter comes to the rescue and develops a new breakfast flavor:

Peanut Butter Muffins.

One cup flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup yellow cornmeal, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, 1 tablespoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons peanut butter, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk, 1 well-beaten egg, 6 thin half slices bacon. Combine and sift all dry ingredients. Add peanut butter blended in milk. Mix slightly and fold in well-beaten egg. Bake in well-greased muffin tins with a half slice of bacon laid on top of each. A variation is to use a full slice of bacon and wrap it around the muffin tin before pouring in the batter; or 2 tablespoons hot bacon fat may be added to the batter before pouring. Or a surprise ending may be given to the muffins by the addition of $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely-chopped cooked ham to the batter. Makes 12 muffins.

Similarly the familiar and favorite baking-powder biscuits will take on a pleasing unusual flavor if a small amount of peanut butter is added to the mix thus:

Peanut Butter Baking-Powder Biscuits.

Four teaspoons baking-powder, 2 cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon shortening, 3 tablespoons peanut butter, 2 well-beaten eggs, enough milk to make a soft dough. Proceed as usual for making biscuits, cutting peanut butter and shortening together with a knife. Roll out, cut, brush over the little-beaten egg, sprinkle with sugar, and bake 10 to 12 minutes in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees. Makes 12 biscuits.

The homemaker finds in varied quick breads a solution to the child's lunch-box needs, and also a special dainty bread for the Winter tea table. A quick bread using peanut butter and unusual flours is given herewith:

Lunch-Box Peanut Bread.

One cup barley flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rice or cake flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup bran flakes, 4 teaspoons baking-powder, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup beaten peanut butter, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk, 1 beaten egg, 4 tablespoons corn syrup. Mix and sift dry ingredients, cut in peanut butter, then add milk, beaten egg, and syrup to dry ingredients. Beat well, pour into a greased loaf pan, and bake about 45 minutes in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees.

Children love peanut butter, and that is why, some Saturday morning, or after school, they will be delighted to make for themselves these unusual cookies:

Peanut Butter Cookies.

One-half cup butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup peanut butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups flour, $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking-powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 1 well-beaten egg. Cream butter and peanut butter, add sugar gradually and cream thoroughly. Add well-beaten egg. Sift flour, soda, baking-powder and salt together, and add. Chill dough well, then form into balls the size of a small walnut, and place on lightly-greased baking sheet. Flatten with fork dipped in flour, making criss-cross pattern. Bake 10 to 12 minutes in a hot oven, or at about 375 degrees. Makes 48 cookies.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Tomato Juice, Whole Grain Cereal, Raw Potato Pancakes, Bacon, Milk or Coffee.	*Breakfast* Sliced Pineapple, Cereal, Rolled Omelet, Toast, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Sliced Oranges, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs with Dried Beef, Toast, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Blackberry Juice, Cereal, Toasted Cheese Bread, Marmalade, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Canned Peaches, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Muffins, Milk or Coffee.	*Breakfast* Grapefruit Juice, Cereal, Frizzled Dried Beef, Pancakes, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Prunes with Orange Juice, Cereals, Coddled Eggs, Toast, Coffee.
Luncheon Seafood Jambalaya, Shaved Raw Cauliflower and Radish Salad, Pineapple Torte.	*Luncheon* Vegetable Soup, Corn Sticks, Gingerbread Waffles with Whipped Cream, Tea.	*Luncheon* Southern Corn Pudding, Turnip Greens, Asparagus Salad, Chives Dressing, Tomato Ice-Box Rolls, Tea.	*Luncheon* Baked Liver Pudding, Buttered Noodles, Broccoli with Lemon, Fruit Trifle, Orange Frosted Doughnuts, Tea or Cocoa.	*Luncheon* Salmon Loaf with Egg Sauce, Pineapple Spear Salad, Ice-Box Graham Rolls, Fruit Compote, Cookies, Coffee Substitute.	*Luncheon (Picnic)* Beans in Bean Pot, Vegetable Platter (Shredded Raw Carrots, Celery Curls, Cauliflower Flowerets and Black Olives), Toasted French Loaf (with Mustard), Orange Frosted Doughnuts, Cocoa.	*Dinner (Company)* Grapejuice Cocktail, Stuffed Breast of Veal, Gravy, Sweet Potatoes with Pineapple or Apple, String Beans, Celeriac Salad, Savory Dressing, Chocolate Soufflé, Soft Custard Sauce, Half Cups Coffee.
Dinner Baked Stuffed Beef Heart, Brown Gravy, Green Beans, Harvard Beets, Raw Carrot Straws, Celery Curls, Apple Pie a la Mode.	*Dinner* Economy Loaf with Spanish Sauce, Baked Macaroni, Buttered Spinach or Ten-Minute Cabbage, One-Two-Three Dessert.	*Dinner* Broiled Cubed Steaks, Potato Soufflé, Green Peas, Raw Vegetable Platter, Green-Gages with Caramel Cream Sauce.	*Dinner* Roast Pork Shoulder Garnished with Steamed Apples and Glazed Sweet Potatoes, Steamed Rice, Cream Gravy, Buttered Peas or Boiled Mustard Greens, Brown Betty Pudding with Lemon Sauce.	*Dinner* Tropical Cocktail, Steamed Fish with Shrimp Sauce, Parsley Potatoes, Buttered Asparagus, Lettuce Salad, Tomato French Dressing, Lemon Ice-Box Cake.	*Dinner* Tamale Pie in Casserole, Buttered Beets, Grated Raw Turnip Salad, Norwegian Fruit Pudding.	*Supper* Toasted Peanut Butter Sandwiches, Banana Salad, Apple Whip, Cookies.

Recipes for Your Economy Budget

By Mary Lee Swann.
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Scalloped Celeriac With Cheese.

TRIM off tops of celeriac, wash and pare the bulbs, drop into boiling water and cook about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour or until tender. Add salt to taste just before cooking is completed. Drain. Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 2 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add a few grains pepper, onion salt to taste and 1 cup milk, stirring constantly until smooth and creamy. Put 2 cups of the cooked celeriac in a greased baking-dish. Pour over the sauce. Sprinkle with 1 or 2 tablespoons grated cheese and buttered bread-crumbs and bake until golden-brown.

Savory Rice.

COOK 2 tablespoons finely-chopped green pepper in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter until soft. Add 4 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt and a few grains pepper and stir until well blended. Add 2 cups milk and stir constantly until smooth and creamy. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped parched peanuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese and 2 tablespoons minced pimiento. Pour over 3 cups hot cooked rice and garnish with crisp parsley and sliced eggs.

Quick Chop Suey.

MELT 3 tablespoons butter. Add 1 cup shredded green pepper and 1 cup shredded onions. Cook for a few minutes, stirring constantly, but do not allow to brown. Add 2 cups shredded cooked chicken and cook about 5 minutes. Add 2 cups sliced celery, 2 cups canned bean sprouts and $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups well-seasoned chicken broth, reserving a little of the broth to make a paste with 1 tablespoon cornstarch. Add the cornstarch paste and cook gently for 10 minutes, stirring carefully. Stir in 1 cup toasted almonds and 4 tablespoons soy sauce. Add a few cooked mushrooms, if desired. Serve hot with steamed rice.

American Weekly Patterns

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Pattern 3610. SMART FOR SCHOOL IN STURDY PERCALE, DELIGHTFUL FOR DRESS-UP IN DIMITY IS THIS BUTTON-FRONT STYLE. Designed for sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch fabric.

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